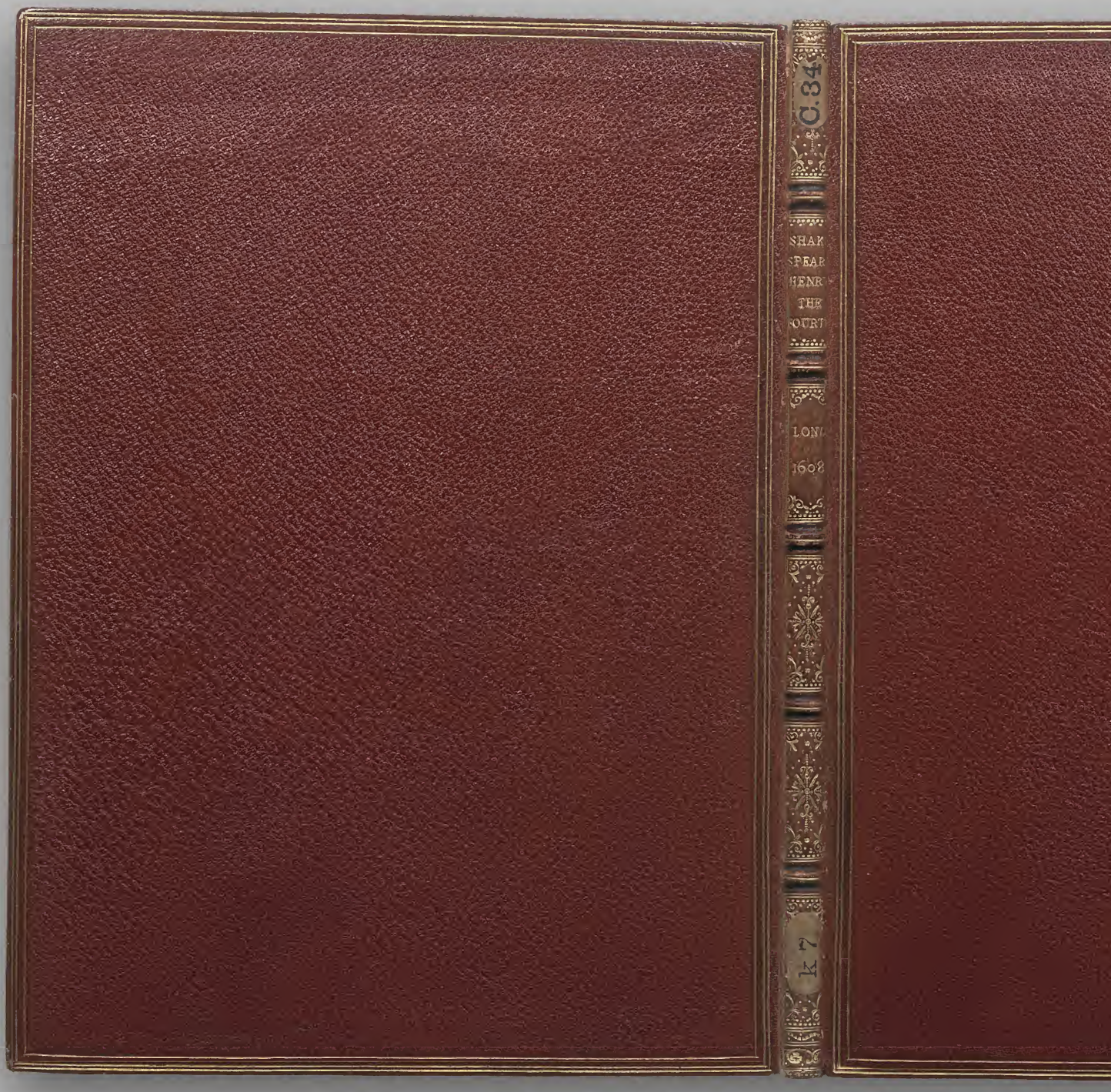
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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.7) Octavo

BOUND BY F. BEDFORD

This is one of only two perfect copies known. It is not in the Capell or in any other collection except the Bodleian, which has the single copy that passed through the various sales to Heber's time. So extremely rare is it that I gladly gave Garrett of Newcastle £25 for an imperfect copy. The present is in a perfect genuine state, not made up in any way.

K. Shakspere (W.)

C.34.k.7

THE HISTORY OF Henry the fourth,

VVith the battell at Shrewſeburie, *betweene the King, and Lord* Henry Percy, ſurnamed Henry *Hotſpur of the North.*

With the humorous conceites of Sir Iohn Falſtaffe.

Newlycorrected by W. *Shakeſpeare.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Mathew Law*, and are to be ſold at his ſhop in Paules Church-yard, neere vnto S. *Auguſtines* gate, at the ſigne of the Foxe. 1608.

THE HISTORIE OF Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of VVeſtmerland, *with others.*

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care.
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breath ſhort winded accents of new broiles,
To be commenc't in ſtronds a farre remote:
No more the thirſty entrance of this ſoile,
Shall dawbe her lips with her own childrens bloud.
No more ſhall trenching warre channell her fields,
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen.
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke,
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and all eyes,
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldier now vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe,
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fieldes,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feet,

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VVhich 1400. yeares ago were nailde,
For our aduantage on the bitter croſſe:
But this our purpoſe is twelue month old,
And bootelesse tis to tell you we will go.
Therefore we meete not now, then let me heare,
Of you my gentle Cooſen VVeſtmerland,
VVhat yeſternight our counſell did decree,
In forwarding this deere expedience.

Weſt. My liege, this haſte was hot in queſtion,
And many limits of the charge ſet downe
But yeſternight, when all athwart there came
A poſt from Wales, loaden with heauy newes,
Whoſe worſt was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herdfordſhire to fight
Againſt the irregular, and wilde Glendower,
VVas by the rude hands of that VVelchman taken,
A thouſand of his people butchered,
Vpon whoſe dead corps there was ſuch miſuſe,
Such beaſtly ſhameleſs tranſformation
By thoſe VVelchwomen done, as may not be
Without much ſhame retold or ſpoken of.

King. It ſeemes then that the tidings of this broile,
Brake off our buſines for the holy land.

Weſt. This matcht with other like my gracious L.
For more vneuen and vnwelcome newes,
Came from the North, and thus it did import
On holy roode day, the gallant Hotſpur there
Yong Harry Percy, and braue Archibold,
That euer valiant and approued Scot,
At Holmedon met, where they did ſpend
A ſad and bloudy houre:
As by diſcharge of their artillery,
And ſhape of likelihood the newes was told:
For he that brought them in the very heate
And pride of their contention, did take horſe:
Vncertaine of the iſſue any way.

King Here is deare, a true induſtrious friend
Sir Walter *Blunt*, new lighted from his horſe,

Stainde with the variation of each ſoile,
Betwixt that Holmedon, and this ſeat of ours,
And he hath brought vs ſmooth and welcom newes,
The Earle of Dowglas is diſcomfited,
Ten thouſand bold Scots, two and twenty knightes
Balkt in their owne bloud, Did ſir VValter ſee
On Holmedons plaines, of priſoners, Hotſpur tooke
Mordake Earle of Fife, and eldeſt ſonne
To beaten Dowglas, and the Earle of Athol
Of Murrey, Angus, and Menteith:
And is not this an honourable ſpoile?
A gallant prize? Ha, cooſen is it not? In faith it is:

Weſt. A conqueſt for a Prince to boaſt of.

King. Yea there thou mak'ſt me ſad, and mak'ſt me ſinne:
In enuy, that my Lord Northumberland,
Should be the father to ſo bleſt a ſonne:
A ſonne who is the theame of honors tongue,
Amongſt a groue, the very ſtraighteſt plant,
VVho is ſweet fortunes minion and her pride
VVhilſt I by looking on the praiſe of him,
See ryot and diſhonour ſtaine the brow
Of my yong Harry. O that it could be prou'd,
That ſome night-tripping Fairy had exchangde
In cradle clothes, our children where they lay,
And cal'd mine Percy, his Plantagenet;
Then would I haue his Harry, and he mine.
But let him from my thoughts: what think you Cooſe
Of this yong Piercies pride? The priſoners,
Which he in this aduenture hath ſurpriſde,
To his owne vſe he keepes, and ſends me word:
I ſhall haue none but Mordake Earle of Fife.

Weſt. This is his vncles teaching, This is Worceſter:
Malecolent to you in all aſpectes:
VVhich makes him prune himſelfe, and briſtle vp
The creſt of youth againſt your dignity.

King But I haue ſent for him to anſwere this;
And for this cauſe a while we muſt neglect
Our holy purpoſe to Ieruſalem.

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Couſin, on wedneſday next our counſell we will hold
At windſor, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeede to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking of old ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſack, and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunn himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, go by the moone & the ſeuen ſtars, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: & I prethee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy grace; maieſty I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the dayes beuty: let vs be *Dianaes* forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade; minions of the Moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtris the moone, vnder whoſe countenance wee ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of golde moſt reſolutely ſnacht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſwearing lay by, & ſpent with crying, bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the ladder, & by & by in as high a flow as the ridg of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad, and is not my hoſteſſe of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the caſtle, & is not a buffe ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quipes and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to do with a buffe ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hoſteſſe of the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coine would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not here apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fubd as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law: do not thou when thou art a King hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Falſ. Well *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court I can tel you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince Or an old Lion, or a Louers lute.

Falſ. Yea or the drone of a Linconſhirs bagpipe.

Prince. What ſaieſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Mooreditch?

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Moore-ditch?

Falst. Thou hast the most vnsauory similes, and art indeede the most comparatiue rascallest sweete yong Prince. But *Hal*, I prethee trouble me no more with vanity, I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good names were to bee bought: an old Lord of the counsell rated me the other day in the street about you sir, but I marke him not, and yet hee talkt very wisely, but I regarded him not, & yet hee talkt wisely and in the street too.

Prince Thou didst well, for wisedome cries out in the streets, and no man regards it.

Falst. O, thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint: thou hast don much harme vnto me, *Hal*, God forgiue thee for it: before I knew thee *Hal*, I knew nothing, and now am I, if a man should speake truly, little better than one of the wicked: I must giue ouer this life, and I will giue it ouer: by the Lord and I do not, I am a villaine: Ile be damnd for neuer a Kings sonne in Christendome.

Prince Where shall we take a purse to morrow Iacke?

Falst. Zounds where thou wilt lad, ile make one, and I do not call me villaine and baffell me.

Prince. I see a good amendment of life in thee, from praying, to purse taking.

Falst. Why, *Hal*, tis my vocation *Hal*, tis no sinne for a man to labour in his vocation. *Enter poines.*

Poines. Now shall we know, if Gads hil haue set a match, O, if men were to be saued by merit, what hole in hel were hot enough for him? this is the most omnipotent villaine that euer cryed, stand, to a true man.

Prince. Good morrow *Ned.*

Poines. Good morrow sweet *Hal*. What sayes Monsieur remorse? what sayes sir Iohn Sacke, and Sugar Iacke? how agrees the diuell & thee about thy soule, that thou soldest him on good Friday last, for a cup of Medera and a colde Capons legg?

Prin. Sir Iohn stands to his word, the diuell shall haue his bargaine, for hee was neuer yet a breaker of prouerbes: he will giue the diuell his due.

Poines.

Poines. Then art thou damnd for keeping thy word with the diuell.

Prince. Else he had bin damnd for Cosening the diuell.

Poy. But my lads, my lads, to morrow morning, by foure a clock early at Gads hil, there are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offrings, and traders riding to London, with fat purses. I haue vizards for you all; you haue horses for your selues. Gads-hil lies to night in Rochester, I haue bespoke supper to morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleepe: if you will go, I will stuffe your purses full of crownes: if you will not, tarry at home and be hangd.

Falst. Heare ye Yedward, if I tarry at home and go not, Ile hang you for going.

Poy. You will chops.

Falst. *Hal*, wilt thou make one?

Prince. Who, I rob? I a theefe? not I by my faith.

Fal. Thers neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the bloud royall, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

Prince. Well then, once in my daies Ile be a madcap.

Falst. Why thats well saide.

Prin. Well, come what will, Ile tarry at home.

Falst. By the Lord Ile be a traitour then, when thou art King

Prince. I care not.

Poy. Sir Iohn, I prethee leaue the Prince & me alone, I will lay him downe such reasons for this aduenture, that he shall go.

Fal. Well, God giue thee the spirit of perswasion, & him the eares of profiting, that what thou speakest, may mou, and what he heares may be beleeued, that the true prince may (for recreation sake) proue a false theefe, for the poore abuses of the time want countenance: farewell, you shall finde me in Eastcheap.

Prin. Farewel the latter spring, farewell Alhollowne summer

Poy. Now my good sweet hony Lord, ride with vs to morrow, I haue a iest to execute, that I cannot mannag alone. Falstaffe, Harvey, Rossill, and Gads hill shall rob those men that we haue already way-laid, your selfe & I wil not be there: and when they haue the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders.

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Prin. How ſhall we part with them in ſetting forth?

Po. Why, we will ſet forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleaſure to faile; & then will they aduenture vpon the exploit themſelues, which they ſhall haue no ſooner atchieued, bus weele ſet vpon them.

Prin. Yea, but tis like that they wil know vs by our horſes, by our habits, and by euery other appointment to be our ſelues.

Po. Tut, our horſes they ſhall not ſee, Ile tie them in the wood, our vizards we wil change after we leaue them: and ſirra, I haue caſes of buckorum for the none, to immask our noted outward garments.

Prin. Yea, but I doubt they wil be too hard for vs.

Poy. Well, for two of them I know them to be as true bred cowardes as euer turnd back: & for the third, if he fight longer thē he ſees reaſon, Ile forſweare armes. The vertue of this ieſt will be, the incomprehenſible lies that this ſame fat rogue wil tel vs when we meete at ſupper, how thirty at leaſt hee fought with, what wards, what blowes, what extermities he indured, and in the reproofe of this lies the ieſt.

Prin. Wel, Ile go with thee, prouide vs al thinges neceſſary, and meet me to morrow night in Eaſtcheape, there Ile ſuppe: farewell.

Po. Farewell my Lord. *Exit Poines.*

Prin. I know you all, and will a while vphold
The vnyokt humor of your Idleneſſe
Yet herein wil I immitate the Sunne,
Who doth permit the baſe contagious clouds
To ſmother vp his beauty from the world,
That when he pleaſe againe to be himſelfe,
Being wanted he may be more wondred at
By breaking through the foule and vgly miſts
Of vapours that did ſeeme to ſtrangle him.
If all the yeere were playing holy daies,
To ſport would be as tedious as to worke;
But when they ſeldome come, they wiſht for come;
And nothinge pleaſeth but rare accidents:
So when this looſe behauiour I throw off,
And pay the debt I neuer promiſed,

By

By how much better then my word I am,
By ſo much ſhall I falſifie mens hopes,
And like bright mettell on a ſullen ground,
My reformation glittering or'e my fault,
Shall ſhew more goodly, and attract more eyes,
Then that which hath no ſoile to ſet it off.
Ile ſo offend, to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time, when men thinke leaſt I will. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Northumberland, Worceſter, Hotſpur, Sir Walter Blunt with others.

King. My blood hath beene too colde and temperate
Vnapt to ſtirre at theſe indignities,
And you haue found me, for accordingly
You tread vpon my patience, but be ſure
I will from henceforth rather be my ſelfe,
Mighty, and to be feard, then my condition
Which hath beene ſmooth as oyle, ſoft as yong downe,
And therefore loſt that title of reſpect,
Which the proud ſoule nere payes but to the proud.

Wor. Our houſe (my ſoueraigne Liege) little deſerues
The ſcourge of greatneſſe to be vſed on it,
And that ſame greatnes too, which our owne hands
Haue holpe to make ſo portly. *Nor.* My Lord

King. Worceſter get thee gone, for I do ſee
Danger and diſobedience in thine eye,
O ſir, your preſence is too bold and peremptory,
And Maieſtie might neuer yet endure
The moody frontier of a ſeruant brow,
You haue good leaue to leaue vs: when we need
Your vſe and counſel, we ſhall ſend for you. *Exit Wor.*
You were about to ſpeake.

Nort. Yea my good Lord,
Thoſe priſoners in your Highnes name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon tooke.
Were as he ſayes, not with ſuch ſtrength denied,
As is deliuered to your Maieſty,
Either enuy therefore, or miſpriſion
Is guilty of this fault, and not my ſonne.

Hot

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Hotſ. My Liege, I did deny no priſoners,
But I remember when the fight was done,
When I was drie with rage, and extreame toyle,
Breathles and faint, leaning vpon my ſword,
Came there a certaine Lord, neat and trimly dreſt,
Freſh as a Bridegroome, and his chin new reapt,
Shewd like a ſtubble land at harueſt home:
He was perfumed like a Milliner,
And twixt his finger and his thumbe he held,
A pouncet boxe, which euer and anon
He gaue his noſe, and tookt away againe,
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Tooke it in ſnuffe, and ſtill he ſmilde and talkt,
And as the ſouldiers bore dead bodies by,
He calde them vntaught knaues, vnmannerly,
To bring a ſlouenly vnhandſome coarſe,
Betwixt the wind and his nobility,
With many holy day and lady termes,
He queſtioned me: among the reſt demanded,
My priſoners in your Maieſties behalfe.
I then, all ſmarting with my wounds being cold,
To be ſo peſtred with a Popingay,
Out of my griefe and my impatience
Anſwered neglectingly, I know not what,
He ſhould, or he ſhould not, for he made me mad,
To ſee him ſhine ſo briske, and ſmell ſo ſweet,
And talke ſo like a waiting gentlewoman,
Of guns and drums, and wounds, God ſaue the marke:
And telling me, the ſoueraigneſt thing on earth,
Was Parmacity for an inward bruſe,
And that it was great pitty, ſo it was
This villanous ſaltpeter ſhould be digde
Out of the bowels of the harmeles earth;
Which many a good tall fellow had deſtroide
So cowardly: and but for theſe vile guns,
He would haue beene himſelfe a ſouldiour.
This balde vnioynted chat of his (my Lord)
I anſwered indirectly (as I ſaid)

And I beſeech you, let not this report
Come currant for an accuſation,
Betwixt my loue, and your high Maieſty.
Blunt. The circumſtance conſidered, good my Lord
Whate're *Harrie Piercie* then had ſaid
To ſuch a perſon, and in ſuch a place,
At ſuch a time, with all the reſt retold,
May reaſonablie die, and neuer riſe,
To doe him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he ſaid, ſo he vnſay it now,
King. Why yet he doth deny his priſoners,
But with prouiſo and exception,
That we at our owne charge ſhall ranſome ſtraight
His brother in law, the fooliſh Mortimer,
Who in my ſoule hath wilfully betraide,
The liues of thoſe, that he did lead to fight,
Againſt the great Magitian, damned Glendower,
Whoſe daughter as we heare, the Earle of March,
Hath lately married? Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeeme a traitor home?
Shall we buy treaſon? and indent with feares,
When they haue loſt and forfeited themſelues.
No, on the barren mountaine let him ſterue,
For I ſhall neuer hold that man my friend,
Whoſe tongue ſhall aske me for one penny coſt,
To ranſome home reuolted Mortimer.
Hot. Reuolted Mortimer?
He neuer did fall off, my Soueraigne Liege,
But by the chance of warre, to proue that true,
Needes no more but one tongue: for all thoſe wounds,
Thoſe mouthed woundes which valiantly he tooke
When on the gentle Seuerns ſedgie banke
In ſingle oppoſition hand to hand,
He did confound the beſt part of an houre
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathd, and three times did they drinke,
Vpon agreement of ſwift Seuerns floud
Who then affrighted with their bloody lookes,

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Ran fearefully among the trembling reedes,
And hid his criſpe-head in the hollow banke,
Bloud ſtained with theſe valiant combatants,
Neuer did bare and rotten policy
Colour her working with ſuch deadly wounds,
Nor neuer could the noble Mortimer
Receiue ſo many, and all willingly,
Then let not him be ſlandered with reuolt.
King. Thou doſt bely him Percy, thou doſt bely him,
He neuer did encounter with Glendower,
I tell thee, he durſt as well haue met the diuell alone,
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not aſham'd, but ſirra, henceforth
Let me not heare you ſpeake of Mortimer,
Send me your priſoners with the ſpeedieſt meanes,
Or you ſhall heare in ſuch a kinde from me,
As will diſpleaſe you. My Lord Northumberland,
We licence your departure with your ſonne,
Send vs your priſoners, or you will heare of it. *Exit King.*
Hot. And if the diuell come and roare for them,
I will not ſend them: I will after ſtraight
And tell him ſo, for I will eaſe my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.
Nor. What? drunke with choler? ſtay and pauſe a while,
Here comes your vncle. *Enter Wor.*
Hot. Speake of Mortimer,
Zounds I will ſpeake of him, and let my ſoule,
Want mercy, if I do not ioyne with him:
Yea, on his part, Ile empty all theſe vaines.
And ſhead my deare bloud, drop by drop in the duſt
But I will lift the down trod Mortimer,
As high in the ayre as this vnthankfull king,
As this ingrate and cankred Bullingbrooke.
Nor. Brother the King hath made your Nephew mad.
Wor. Who ſtrooke this heate vp after I was gone?
Hot. He will forſooth haue all my priſoners,
And when I vrg'd the ranſome once againe
Of my wiues brother, then his cheeke lookt pale,

And

And on my face he turnd an eye of death,
Trembling euen at the name of Mortimer.
Wor. I cannot blame him, was not he proclaimd
By Richard that dead is, the next of bloud?
North. He was, I heard the proclamation:
And then it was, when the vnhappy King,
(Whoſe wrongs in vs God pardon) did ſet forth
Vpon his Iriſh expedition;
From whence he intercepted, did returne
To be depos'd, and ſhortly murdered.
Wor. And for whoſe death, we in the worlds wide mouth
Liue ſcandeliz'd and foully ſpoken off.
Hot. But ſoft I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaime my brother Mortimer
Heire to the crowne?
North He did, my ſelfe did heare it.
Hot. Nay then I cannot blame his cooſin King,
That wiſht him on the barren mountaines ſtarue,
But ſhall it be that you that ſet the crowne
Vpon the head of this forgetfull man,
And for his ſake weare the deteſted blot
Of murtherous ſubornation? ſhall it be
That you a world of curſes vndergo,
Being the agentes or baſe ſecond meanes,
The cordes, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O pardon me, that I deſcend ſo low,
To ſhew the line and the predicament,
Wherein you range vnder this ſubtil King,
Shall it for ſhame be ſpoken in theſe dayes,
Or fill vp cronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power
Did gage them both in an vniuſt behalfe,
(As both of you God pardon it, haue don)
To put downe Richard that ſweet louely Roſe,
And Plant this thorne, this canker Bullingbrooke?
And ſhall it in more ſhame be further ſpoken,
That you are fool'd, diſcarded, and ſhooke off
By him, for whom theſe ſhames ye vnderwent?

No,

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No, yet time ſerues, wherein you may redeeme
Your baniſht honors, and reſtore your ſelues,
Into the good thoughts of the world againe:
Reueng the ieering and diſdaind contempt
Of this proud King, who ſtudies day and night
To anſwere all the debt he owes to you,
Euen with the bloudie payment of your deaths:
Therefore I ſay.

Wor. Peace Coſin, ſay no more.
And now I will vnclaſpe a ſecret booke,
And to your quicke conceiuing diſcontents
Ile read you matter deepe and dangerous,
As full of peril and aduenterous ſpirit.
As to o're walke a Current roring lowd,
On the vnſteadfaſt footing of a ſpeare.

Hot. If hee fall in, good night, or ſinke or ſwime,
Send danger from the Eaſt vnto the weſt,
So honor croſſe it, from the North to South,
And let them grapple: O the bloud more ſtirrs
To rouſe a Lion, than to ſtart a Hare.

North. Imagination of ſome great exploit
Driues him beyond the bounds of patience.
By heauen me thinkes it were an eaſie leape,
To pluck bright honor from the pale-fac'd Moone,
Or diue into the bottome of the deepe,
Where fadome line could neuer touch the ground,
And pluck vp drowned honor by the lockes,
So he that doth redeeme her thence might weare
Without corriuall all her dignities:
But out vpon this halfe fac't fellowſhip.

Wor. He apprehendes a world of figures here,
But not the forme of what he ſhould attend,
Good Coſin giue me audience for a while.

Hot. I cry you mercy.

Wor. Thoſe ſame noble Scots that are your priſoners,

Hot. Ile keepe them all.
By God he ſhall not haue a Scot of them,
No, if a Scot would ſaue his ſoule, he ſhall not.

Ile keepe them by this hand.

Wor. You ſtart away,
And lend no eare vnto my purpoſes:
Thoſe priſoners you ſhall keepe.

Hot. Nay, I will: thats flat:
He ſaid he would not ranſome Mortimer,
Forbad my tongue to ſpeake of Mortimer:
But I will find him when he lies a ſleepe,
And in his eare Ile hollo Mortimer:
Nay, Ile haue a ſtarling ſhal be taught to ſpeake
Nothing but Mortimer, and giue it him,
To keepe his anger ſtill in motion,

Wor. Heere you coſin a word.

Hot. All ſtudies here I ſolemnly defie,
Saue how to gall and pinch this Bullingbrooke,
And that ſame ſword and buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I thinke his father loues him not,
And would be glad he met with ſome miſchance:
I would haue him poyſoned with a pot of Ale.

Wor. Farewell kinsman, Ile talke to you
When you are better tempered to attend.

Nor. Why what a waſpe-tongue & impatient foole
Art thou, to breake into this womans moode,
Tying thine eare to no tongue but thine owne?

Hot. Why looke you, I am whipt and ſcourg'd with rods,
Netled, and ſtung with piſmires, when I heare
Of this vile politician Bullingbrooke.
In Richards time, what do you call the place;
A plague vpon it, it is in Gloceſterſhire;
Twas where the mad-cap Duke his vncle kept,
His vncle yorke, where I firſt bowed my knee
Vnto this King of ſmiles, this Bullingbrooke:
Zbloud when you and he came back from Rauenſpurgh,

Nor. At Barkly Caſtle.

Hot. You ſay true,
why what a candie deal of curteſie,
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me,
Looke when this infant fortune came to age,
And gentle Harry Percy, and kind Coſin:

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O, the diuell take ſuch cooſeners, God forgiue me,
Good vncle tell your tale, I haue done.
Wor. Nay, if you haue not, to it againe,
VVe will ſtay your leyſure.
Hot. I haue done yfaith.
Wor. Then once more to your Scottiſh priſoners,
Deliuer them vp without their ranſome ſtraight,
And make the Dowglas ſonne your onely meane
For powers in Scotland, which for diuers reaſons
VVhich I ſhall ſend you written, be aſſurde
Will eaſily be granted you my Lord.
Your ſonne in Scotland being thus employed
Shall ſecretly into the boſome creepe
Of that ſame noble Prelate welbelou'd
The Archbiſhop.
Hot. Of Yorke, is it not?
Wor. True, who bears hard
His brothers death at *Briſtow* the Lord *Scroope*:
I ſpeak not this in eſtimation,
As what I thinke might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and ſet downe,
And onely ſtaies but to be hold the face
Of that occaſion that ſhall bring it on.
Hot. I ſmell it. Vpon my life it wil do well.
Nor. Before the game is afoote, thou ſtill letſt ſlip.
Hot. VVhy it cannot chooſe but be a noble plot,
And then the power of Scotland and of Yorke,
To ioyne with Mortimer, ha.
Wor. And ſo they ſhall.
Hotſ. In faith it is exceedingly wel aimd.
Wor. and tis no little reaſon bids vs ſpeede,
To ſaue our heads, by raiſing of a head:
For, beare our ſelues as euen as we can,
The King wil alwaies thinke him in our dept,
And thinke we thinke our ſelues vnſatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay vs home.
And ſee already, how he doth beginne
To make vs ſtrangers to his lookes of loue.

Hot. He does, he does, weele be reueng'd on him.
Wor. Cooſin, Farewel. No further go in this,
Then I by Letters ſhal direct your courſe
VVhen time is ripe, which will be ſuddenly:
Ile ſteale to Glendower, and loe, Mortimer,
VVhere you and Douglas, and our powers at once,
As I wil faſhion it, ſhal happily meete,
To beare our fortunes in our owne ſtrong armes,
VVhich now we hold at much vncertainty,
Nor. Farewel good brother, we ſhal thriue, I truſt.
Hot. Vncle adeu: O let the houres be ſhort,
Till fields, and Blowes, and grones applaud our ſport, *Exeunt.*

Enter a Carrier with a lanterne in his hand.

1 *Car.* Heigh ho. An it be not foure by the day, Ile be hangd, Charles waine is ouer the new chimney, and yet our horſe not packt. VVhat Oſtler?
Oſt. Anon, anon.
1 *Car.* I prethee Tom, beat cuts ſaddle, put a few flockes in the point, poore iade is wrung in the withers, out of al ceſſe.

Enter another Carrier.

2 *Car* Peaſe and beanes are as danke here as a dog, & that is the next way to giue poore iades the bots: this houſe is turned vpſide downe ſince Robin Oſtler died.
1 *Car.* Poore fellow neuer ioyed ſince the price of oats roſe, it was the death of him.
2 *Car.* I thinke this be the moſt vilanous houſe in all London roade for fleas, I am ſtung like a tench.
1 *Car.* Like a tench: by the maſſe there is nere a king chriſten could be better bit, then I haue bin ſince the firſt cocke.
2 *Car.* Why, they will allow vs nere a iordaine, & then wee leake in your chimney, and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.
1 *Car.* What Oſtler, come away and be hangd, come away.
2 *Car.* I haue a gammon of Bacon, and two razes of ginger, to be deliuered as far as Charing Croſſe.
2 *Car.* Godsbody, the Turkies in my Panier are quite ſtarued: what Oſtler? a plague on thee, haſt thou neuer an eye in thy head? canſt not heare? & t'were not as good a deed as drinke to

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breake the pate on thee, I am a very villaine, com & be hangd, haſt no faith in thee?

Enter Gads-hill.

Gadshill Good morrow Carriers whats a clocke?

Car. I thinke it be two a clock.

Gad. I prethee lend me thy lanterne, to ſee my gelding in the ſtable.

1 *Car.* Nay by god ſoft, I know a tricke worth two of that I faith.

Gad. I prethee lend me thine.

2 *Car.* I, when, canſt tell? lend me thy lanterne (quoth he) marry Ile ſee thee hangd firſt.

Gad. Sirra Carier, what time doe you meane to come to London?

2 *Car.* Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee. Come neighbour Muges, weele call vp the Gentlemen, they wil a long with company, for they haue great charge.

Enter Chamberlaine. *Exeunt*

Gad What ho: Chamberlaine.

Cha. At hand quoth pick-purſe.

Gad. Thats euen as faire, as at hand quoth the Camberlaine for thou varieſt no more from picking of purſes, then giuing direction doth from laboring: thou layeſt the plot how.

Cham. Good morrow maſter Gadſhill, it holds currant that I told you yeſter night, thers a Franckelin in the wilde of kent, hath brought three hundred markes with him in gould, I heard him tell it to one of his company laſt night at ſupper, a kinde of Auditor, one that hath abundance of charge too. God knowes what, they are vp already, and call for egges & butter, they will away preſently.

Gad. Sirra, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas clarkes, Ile giue thee this necke.

Cha. No, Ile none of it, I pray thee keepe that for the hangman, for I know thou worſhipeſt Saint Nicholas, as truely as a man of falſhood may.

Gad. What talkeſt thou to me of the hangman? if I hang, Ile make a fat paire of gallowes: for if I hang, old ſir Iohn hangs with me, & thou knowſt he is no ſtarueling, tut, there are other Troians

Troians that thou dream'ſt not of, the which for ſport ſake are content to do the profeſſion, ſome grace, that would (if matters ſhould be lookt into) for their own credit ſake make al whole: I am ioined with no foot-land rakers, no long ſtaffe ſixpenny ſtrikers, non of theſe mad muſtachio purple hewd malt worms, but with nobility, & tranquillity, Burgomaſters & great Oneyers, ſuch as can hold in ſuch as will ſtrike ſooner then ſpeake, & ſpeake ſooner then drinke, and drinke ſooner then pray, & yet (Zounds) I lie, for they pray continually to their ſaint the Commonwealth, or rather not pray to her, but pray on her, for they ride vp and downe on her, and make her their bootes.

Cham. What, the Common-wealth their bootes? wil ſhe hold out water in foule way?

Gad. She wil, ſhe will, iuſtice hath liquord her: we ſteale as in a caſtle cockſure. we haue the receit of Ferneſeede, we walke inuiſible.

Cham. Nay, by my faith, I thinke you are more beholding to the night then to Ferneſeed, for your walking inuiſible.

Gad. Giue me thy hand, thou ſhalt haue a ſhare in our purchaſe as I am a true man.

Cham. Nay, rather let me haue it, as you are a falſe theefe.

Gad. Go to, *homo* is a common name to all men: bid the oſtler bring my Gelding out of the ſtable, farewell ye muddy knaue.

Enter Prince, Poines, and Peto &c.

Poines. Come ſhelter, ſhelter, I haue remoued Falſtalffes horſe, and he frets like a gum'd Veluet.

Prince. Stand cloſe. *Enter Falſtalffe.*

Fal. Poines, Poines, and be hangd Poines.

Prince. Peace ye fat-kidneyd raſcall, what a brawling doeſt thou keepe?

Fal. What Poines, *Hal?*

Prince. He is walkt vp to the top of the hill, Ile go ſeeke him

Fal. I am accurſt to rob in that theeues company, the raſcal hath remoued my horſe, and tyed him I know not where, if I trauel but foure foote by the ſquire further a foote, I ſhal break my winde. Well, I doubt not but to dye a faire death for all this, if I ſcape hanging for killing that rogue, I haue forſworne his company hourely any time this xxii. yeere and yet I am bewitcht.

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witcht with the rogues company: If the raſcall haue not giuen me medicines to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be elſe, I haue drunke medicines, Poines, Hal, a plague vpon you bo th. Bardoll, Peto, Ile ſtarue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t'were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau theſe rogues; I am the veriеſt varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threeſcore and ten miles afoot with me : and the ſtony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

They whiſtle.

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horſe , you rogues, giue me my horſe and be hangd.

Prince Peace ye fat guts, lye downe, lay thine eare cloſe to the ground, and liſt if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

Falſ. Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being down? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne fleſh ſo farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer : what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

Prince Thou lyeſt, thou art not colted, thou art vncolted.

Falſ. I prethee good Prince *Hal*, helpe me to my horſe, good Kings ſonne.

Prince. Out you rogue, ſhall I be your Oſtler.

Falſ. Go hang thy ſelfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & ſung to filthy tunes, let a cup of ſack be my poiſon: when ieaſt is ſo forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill

Gad. Stand. *Fal.* So I do againſt my wil.

Poines. O tis our ſetter, I know his voice: *Bardol* what newes?

Bar. Caſe yee, caſe yee, on with your vizards, there's money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings exchequer.

Falſ. You lie you rogue, tis going to the Kings Tauerne.

Gad. There's enough to make vs al.

Fal. To be hanged.

Prince. You foure ſhall front them in the narrow lane: Ned Poines & I will walke lower: if they ſcape from your encounter,

ter, then they light on vs.

Peto. But how many be they of them?

Gad. Some eight, or ten.

Falſ. Zounds, wil they not rob vs?

Prince. What! a coward Sir Iohn Pawnch?

Falſ. Indeed I am not Iohn of Gant your Grandfather, but yet no coward, Hal.

Prince Well, weele leaue that to the proofe.

Poines Sirra Iack, thy horſe ſtandes behind the hedge, when thou needeſt him, there thou ſhalt finde him: farewell, & ſtand faſt.

Falſ. Now cannot I ſtrike him if I ſhould be hangd.

Prince Ned, where are our diſguiſes?

Poines Here hard by, ſtand cloſe.

Falſ. Now my maiſters, happy man be his dole, ſay I, euery man to his buſineſſe. *Enter the Trauellers.*

Tra. Come neighbour, the boy ſhal lead our horſes downe the hil, weele walke afoote a while, and eaſe our leggs.

Theeues Stand. *Tra.* Ieſus bleſſe vs.

Falſ. Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horeſon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

Tra. O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

Falſ. Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your ſtore were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men muſt liue, you are grand Iurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

Here they rob them and binde them: *Enter the Prince and Poines.*

Prince The theeues haue bound the true men : now could e thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good ieſt for euer.

Poines Stand cloſe, I heare them comming.

Enter the theeues againe.

Falſ. Come my maſters, let vs ſhare , and then to horſe before day: and the Prince and Poines be not two arrant cowardes, there's no equity ſtirring , there's no more valour in that Poines, than in a wild duck.

Prince

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Prin. Your money.
Poin. Villaines.

As they are sharing, the Prince and Poine set vpon them, they all runne away, and Fal. Stalffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.

Prin. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse: the theeues are scattered, and possest with feare so strongly that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falstalffe sweares to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along: were not for laughing I should pittie him.

Poines How the rogue roard. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotspur solus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part my Lord, I could bee well contented to bee there, in respect of the loue I beare your house.

He could be cõtented, why is he not then? in the respect of the loue he beares our house: he shewes in this, he loues his owne barne better then he loues our house. Let me see some more.

The purpose you undertake is dangerous.

Why thats certaine, tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleepe, to drinke, but I tel you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower safety.

The purpose you Undertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named Uncertaine, the time it selfe vnsorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoise of so great an opposition.

Say you so: say you so. I say vn to you a gaine you are a shallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lack-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friende true & cõstant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectatiõ: an excellẽt plot, very good friends; what a frostie spirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, & the gene rall course of the Action. Zounds & I were now by this rascal, I could brainehim with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my selfe, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lorde of Yorke, & Owen Glendower? is there not besides the Dowglas? haue I not al their letters to meet me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not som of them set forward already? what a pagan rascall is this, and infidel? Ha, you shall see now in very sinceritie of feare and cold heart, wil he to the King, and lay open al our proceedinges. O, I could diuide my

my selfe, & go to buffets, for mouing such a dish of skim milke with so honorable an action. Hang him, let him tell the King, we are prepared. I will set forward to night. *Enter his Lady.* How now Kate, I must leaue you within these two houres?

Lady O my good Lord, why are you thus alone?
For what offence haue I this fortnight bin
A banisht woman from my Harries bed?
Tell me, sweet Lord, what is't that takes from thee
Thy stomack, pleasure, and thy golden sleepe?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes vpon the earth?
And start so often when thou sitst alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheekes?
And giuen my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick eyd musing, and curst melancholly?
In my faint slumbers, I by thee watcht,
And heard thee murmure tales of yron warres,
Speake tearmes of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry courage to the field. And thou hast talkt
Of sallies, and retires, trenches, tents,
Of pallizadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of canon, culuerin,
Of prisoners ransome, and of souldiers slaine,
And all the current, of a heddy fight,
Thy spirit within thee hath bin so at war,
And thus hath so bestird thee in thy sleepe,
That beds of sweat hath stood vpon thy brow
Like bubbles in a late disturbed streame,
And in thy face strange motions haue apeard,
Such as we see when men restraine their breath,
On some great sodaine hast. O what portents are these?
Some heauy busines hath my Lord in hand,
And I must know it, else he loues me not.

Hot what ho, is Gilliams with the packet gone?
Ser. He is, my Lord, an houre agoe.
Hot. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriffe?
Ser. One horse, my Lord, he brought euen now.
Hot. What horse? a roane? a crop-eare, is it not?
Ser. It is my Lord.

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Hot. That Roane ſhal be my throne. Well, I will backe him ſtraight. O Eſperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke.

La. But heare you my Lord.

Hot. What ſaieſt thou my Lady?

La. What is it carries you away?

Hot Why, my horſe (my loue) my horſe.

La. Out you mad-headded ape, a weazell hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleene, as you are toſt with. In faith Ile know your buſines Harry, that I wil: I fear, my brother Mortimer doth ſtir about his title, & hath ſent for you to line his enterpriſe, but if you go

Hot. So far a foote, I ſhal be weary, loue.

La. Come, come you Paraquito, anſwere me directly, vnto this queſtiō that I ſhal aske: in faith Ile breake thy little finger, Harry, and if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hot. Away, away you trifler, loue; I loue thee not,
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips,
We muſt haue bloudie noſes, and crackt crownes,
And paſſe them currant too: gods me my horſe:
What ſaiſt thou Kate; what wouldſt thou haue with me?

La. Do you not loue me? do you not indeede?
Wel, do not then; for ſince you loue me not,
I will not loue my ſelfe. Do you not loue me?
Nay, tel me, if you ſpeake in ieaſt, or no?

Hot. Come wilt thou ſee me ride?
And when I am a horſeback, I wil ſweare,
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,
I muſt not haue you henceforth, queſtion me,
Whither I go: nor reaſon where about:
Whither I muſt, I muſt: and to conclude,
This euening muſt I leaue you Gentle Kate:
I know you wiſe, but yet no further wiſe,
Then Harry Percies wife: conſtant you are,
But yet a woman and for ſecrecy,
No Lady cloſer, for I wil beleaue,
Thou wilt not vtter what thou doſt not know:
And ſo far wil I truſt thee, gentle Kate.

La. How, ſo far?

Hot.

Hot. Not an inch further: but harke you Kate,
Whither I go, thither ſhall you go too:
To day will I ſet forth, to morrow you:
Will this content you Kate?

Lady It muſt of force. *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince and Poines.

Prince. Ned, prethee come out of that fat roome, & lend mee thy hand to laugh a little.

Poines Where haſt bin Hal?

Prin. With three or foure logger-heads, amongſt three or foure ſcore hogſ-heads. I haue ſounded the very baſe ſtring of humility. Sirra, I am ſworne brother to a leaſh of drawers, and can call them all by their chriſten names, as Tom, Dicke, and Francis: they take it already vpon their ſaluation, that though I be but prince of Wales, yet I am the King of curteſie, & tel me flatly I am not proud Iack, like Falſtaffe, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettall, a good boy (by the Lord ſo they call mee) and when I am King of England, I ſhall cōmand all the good lads in Eaſtcheape. They cal drinking deepe, dying ſcarlet, & when you breath in your watring, they cry hem, and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am ſo good a proficient in one quarter of an houre, that I can drinke with any Tinkar in his owne language, during my life. I tel thee Ned, thou haſt loſt much honour that thou wert not with me in this action; but ſweet Ned: to ſweeten which name of Ned, I giue thee this penyworth of ſugar, clapt euen now into my hand, by an vnder skinker, one that neuer ſpake other Engliſh in his life, than eight ſhillings & ſixepence, and you are welcome, with this ſhril addition, anone, anon ſir; ſkore a pint of baſtard in the halfe moone, or ſo. But Ned, to driue away time til Falſtaffe come: I prethee do thou ſtand in ſome by roome, while I queſtion my puny drawer, to what end he gaue me the ſugar, and doe neuer leaue calling Francis, that his tale to me may bee nothing but, anone: ſteppe aſide, and Ile ſhew thee a preſent.

Poines Francis.

Prince Thou art perfect.

Poines Francis. *Enter drawer (Ralfe.*

Fran. Anone anone ſir; looke downe into the Pomgarnet,

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Prince Come hither Francis. *Francis* My Lord.

Prince How long hast thou to serue, Francis?

Francis Forsooth fiue yeeres, and as much as to

Poines Francis,

Francis Anone, anone sir.

Prince Fiue yeeres, berlady a long lease for the clincking of pewter; But Francis, darest thou be so valiant, as to play the coward with thy indenture, and shew it a faire paire of heeles, and runne from it.

Francis O Lord sir, Ile be sworne vpon all bookes in England I could find in my heart.

Poines Francis, *Francis* Anon sir.

Prince How old art thou, Francis?

Francis Let me see, about Michaelmas next I shal be

Poines Francis.

Francis Anone sir, pray you stay a little my Lord.

Prince Nay but harke you *Francis*, for the sugar thou gauest me, t'was a peny worth, wast not?

Francis O Lord, I would it had beene two.

Prince I wil giue thee for it, a thousand pound, aske mee when thou wilt, and thou shalt haue it.

Poines Francis. *Francis* Anone, anone.

Prince Anone *Francis*? No *Francis*, but to morrow *Francis*: or *Francis*, on thursday: or indeede *Francis*, when thou wilt: But *Francis*.

Francis My Lord.

Prince Wilt thou robb this leatherne ierkin, crist all button, not-pated, agat ring, puke stocking, caddice garter, smoothe tongue, Spanish powch?

Francis O Lord sir, who do you meane?

Prince VVhy then your browne bastard is your onely drinke: for looke you *Francis*, your white canuasse doublet will sulley. In Barbary sir, it cannot come to so much.

Francis VVhat sir? *Poines* Francis.

Prince Away you rogue, dost thou not heare them call?

Here they both call him, the drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*

Vint, VVhat, stand'st thou stil, & hear'st such a calling? looke to

to the ghests within. My Lord, old sir Iohn with halfe a dozen more, are at the doore, shall I let them in?

Prin. Let them alone a while, & then open the doore: *Poines.*

Poines Anon, anon sir. *Enter poines.*

Princ Sirra, Falstalffe and the reste of the theeues are at the doore, shall we be merry?

Poi. As merry as Cricketes, my lad, but harke yee, what cunning match haue you made with this iest of the Drawer? come, what's the issue?

Prin. I am now of all humors, that haue shewed themselues humors, since the old daies of goodman Adam, to the pupil age of this present twelue a clocke at midnight. What's a clock Francis?

Francis Anon, anon sir.

Prin. That euer this fellow should haue fewer words then a Parrat, & yet the sonne of a woman. His industry is vp staires and downe staires, his eloquence the parcell of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percies mind, the Hotspur of the North, he that kils me some sixe or seuen dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his handes, & sayes to his wife, Fie vpon this quiet life, I want worke. O my sweet Harry, sayes she! how many hast thou kild to day? Giue my Roane horse a drench (saies he) and answers, some fourteene, an houre after: a trifle, a trifle. I prethee call in Falstalffe, Ile play Percy, and that damnde Brawne shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. *Riuo*, saies the drunkard: cal in Ribs, call in Tallow.

Enter Falstalffe.

Poines Welcome Iacke, where hast thou beene?

Fal. A plague of al cowards I say, and a vengeance too, marry and Amen: giue me a cup of sack boy. Ere I lead this life long, Ile sowe neather stockes, and mend them, and foote them too. A plague of all cowards. Giue me a cup of sacke, rogue, is there no vertue extant? *he drinketh.*

Prin. Didst thou neuer see Titan kisse a dish of butter, pitifull harted Titan that melted at the sweete tale of the sunne: if thou didst, then behold that compound.

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Fal. You rogue, heeres lime in this ſacke too, there is nothing but rogery to be foūd in villanous man, yet a coward is worſe then a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward, Go thy waies old ſacke, die whē thou wilt, if māhood, good māhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring: there liues not three good men vnhangd in England, & one of them is fat, & growes old, God helpe the while, a bad world I ſay, I would I were a weauer, I could ſing pſalmes, or any thing. A plague of al cowards, I ſay ſtill.

Prin. How now, Wolſack. what mutter you?

Fal. A kings ſon? if I do not beat thee out of thy kingdome with a dagger of lath, & driue all thy ſubiectes afore thee like a flock of wildegeeſe, Ile neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prince of Wales.

Prin. Why you horſon round man, whats the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? anſwere me to that, and Poines there.

Poin. Zounds yee fat paunch, and ye cal me coward, by the Lord, Ile ſtab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? Ile ſee thee damnde ere I call thee coward, but I would giue a thouſand pounde I could runne as faſt as thou canſt. You are ſtraight enough in the ſholders, you care not who ſees your backe: call you that backing of your friendes? a plague vpon ſuch backing: giue mee them that will face me; giue me a cup of ſacke. I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Pri. O villaine, thy lips are ſcarſe wipt ſince thou drunkſt laſt.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinketh.*
A plague of al cowards ſtil ſay I.

Pri. Whats the matter?

Fal. Whats the matter? here be foure of vs haue tane a thouſand pound this morning.

Prin. Where is it? Iacke, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe ſword, with a dozen of them two houres together. I haue ſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my

my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hackt like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum*. I neuer dealt better ſince I was a man, all would not doe. A plague of al cowards, let them ſpeake; if they ſpeake more or leſſe then truth, they are villaines, & the ſonnes of darkneſſe.

Gad. Speake, ſirs, how was it?

Roſs. We foure ſet vpon ſome dozen.

Falſt. Sixteene, at leaſt, my Lord.

Roſs. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a Iew elſe, and I brew Iew.

Roſs. As we were ſharing, ſome 6 or 7 freſh mē ſet vpō vs.

Fal. And vnbound the reſt, and then come in the other.

Prince What, fought yee with them all?

Fal. All? I know not what yee call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old Iacke, then am I no two leg'd creature.

Prince. Pray God, you haue not murthered ſome of them.

Fal. Nay, that's paſt praing for, I haue pepper'd two of thē. Two I am ſure I haue payed, two rogues in buckrom ſutes: I tel thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, ſpitte in my face; cal mee horſe: thou knoweſt my olde warde: here I lay, and thus I bore my point; foure rogues in buckrom let driue at me.

Prin. What, foure? thou ſaid'ſt but two, euen now.

Fal Foure, Hal, I told thee foure.

Poines I, I, he ſaid foure.

Fal. Theſe foure came all afront, and mainely thruſt at mee; I made no more adoe, but tooke al their ſeuen points in my target, thus.

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure euen now.

Fal In buckrom.

Poines I, foure, in buckrom ſuites.

Fal. Seuen, by theſe hiltes, or I am a villaine elſe.

Prin. Pre thee let him alone, we ſhal haue more anon.

Fal. Doeſt thou heare me Hal?

Prin. I, and marke thee too, Iacke.

Falſ.

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Fal. Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtning to, theſe nine in Buckrom, that I told thee of.

Prin. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken,

Poines Downe fell his hoſe.

Fal. Began to giu me ground: but I followed me cloſe, came in foote and hand, & with a thought, ſeuen of the eleuen I paid.

Prin. O monſtrous! eleuen buckrom men grown out of two?

Fal. But as the diuell would haue it, three miſ-begotten knaues, in kendal greene, came at my backe, and let driue at me for it was ſo darke, Hal, that thou couldſt not ſee thy hand.

Prin. Theſe lyes are like the father that begets them, groſſe as a moũtaine, opẽ palpable. Why thou clay-braind guts thou knotty-pated foole, thou horſon obſcene greaſie tallow catch.

Fal. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

Prin. Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendall greene, when it was ſo darke thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? come tell vs your reaſon, What ſaieſt thou to this?

Poin. Come, your reaſon Iacke, your reaſon.

Fal. What, vpon compulſion? Zoundes, and I were at the ſtrappado, or al the racks in the world, I would not tel you on compulſion. Giue you a reaſon on compulſiõ? if reaſons were as plenty as blackeberries, I would giue no man a reaſon vpon compulſion, I.

Prin. Ile be no longer guiltie of this ſinne. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hil of fleſh.

Fal. Zbloud you ſtarueling, you elfskin, you dried neats-tong, buls-pizzel, you ſtockefiſh: O for breath to vtter! what is like thee? you taylers yard, you ſheath, you bowcaſe, you vile ſtanding tucke.

Prin. Wel, breath a while, and then to it againe, & when thou haſt tired thy ſelfe in baſe compariſõs, heare me ſpeak but thus

Poi. Marke, Iacke.

Pri. We two, ſaw you foure, ſet on foure, & bound them, & were maſters of their welth: marke now how a plaine tale ſhal put you downe: then did wee two ſet on you foure, and with a word,

word, outfac't you from your prize, & haue it, yea, & can ſhew it you here in the houſe. & Falſtalffe, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, & roared for mercy, & ſtill run & roare, as euer I heard bul-calfe. What a ſlaue art thou to hack thy ſword as thou haſt don? & then ſay it was in fight. What tricke? what deuice? what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparant ſhame?

Poin. Come lets heare, Iacke what tricke haſt thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as wel as he that made ye. Why heare you, my maſters, was it for me, to kil the heire apparant? ſhould I turne vpon the true Prince? why, thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules: but, beware inſtincte, the Lion will not touch the true Prince, inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I ſhall thinke the better of my ſelfe, & thee, during my life; I, for a valiant Lyon, and thou, for a true prince: but, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you haue the money. Hoſteſſe, clap to the doores, watch to night, pray to morrow, gallants, lads, boyes, hearts of gold, al the titles of good fellowſhipp come to you. What ſhall we be merrie, ſhall wee haue a play extempore?

Prin. Content, & the argument ſhal be, thy running away.

Fal. A, no more of that Hal, & thou louſt me. *Enter hoſteſſe.*

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord the Prince!

Prin. How now my Lady the hoſteſſe, what ſaiſt thou to me?

Ho. Marry, my L. there is a noble man of the court, at doore would ſpeake with you: he ſaies, he comes from your father,

Prin. Giue him as much, as will make him a royall man, and ſend him back againe to my mother,

Fal. What manner of man is he?

Ho. An old man.

Fal. What doth grauitie out of his bed at midnight? Shall I giue him his anſwere?

Prin. Prethee do, Iacke. Fal. Faith, and Ile ſend him packing.

Exit.

Prin. Now ſirs, birlady you fought faire, ſo did you Peto, ſo did you Bardol, you are Lyons too, you ran away vpon inſtinct, you wil not touch the true Prince, no fie.

Bar. Faith, I ran when I ſaw others runne.

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Pri. Faith, tel me now in earneſt, how came Falſtaffs ſword ſo hackt?

Peto Why, he hackt it with his dagger, and ſaid hee would ſweare truth out of England, but hee would make you beleeue it was done in fight, and perſwaded vs to do the like.

Car. Yea, and to tickle our noſes with ſpeare-graſſe, to make them bleede, and then to beſmeare our garmentes with it, and ſweare it was the bloud of true men. I did that I did not this ſeuen yeeres before, I bluſht to heare his monſtrous deuiſe.

Prin. O villaine thou ſtoleſt a cup of ſacke eighteene yeeres ago, and wert taken with the manner, and euer ſince thou haſt bluſht extempore, thou hadſt fire and ſword on thy ſide, & yet thou ranſt away: what inſtinct hadſt thou for it?

Bar. My Lord, do you ſee theſe meteors? doe you behold theſe exhalations? *Prince* I do.

Bar. What thinke you they portend?

Prin. Hot livers, and cold purſes.

Bar. Choler, my Lord, if rightly taken.

Enter Falſtaffe.

Prin. No, if rightly taken, halter. Here comes leane Iacke, here comes bare-bone: how now my ſweet creature of bõbaſt, how long is't ago, Iack, ſince thou ſaweſt thine owne knee?

Fal. My owne knee? when I was about thy yeeres (Hal) I was not an Eagles talent in the waſt: I could haue crept into any Aldermás thumbe ring: a plague of ſighing & griefe, it blowes a man vp like a bladder. There's villenous newes abroad, heere was ſir Iohn Braby from your father: you muſt to the court in the morning. That ſame mad fellow of the North, Percy, & hee of Wales, that gaue Amamon the baſtinado, & made Lucifer cuckold, & ſwore the deuill his true liegeman vpon the Croſſe of a Welch hooke: what a plague call you him?

Poin. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen, the ſame, and his ſonne in law Mortimer, and olde Northumberland, and the ſprighty Scot of Scottes, Dowglas, that runnes a horſe-back vp a hill perpendicular.

Prin. He that rides at high ſpeede, and with a piſtoll killes a ſparrow flying,

Fal.

Fal. You haue hit it.

Prin. So did he neuer the ſparrow.

Fal. Well, that raſcal hath good metall in him, hee will not runne.

Prince Why what a raſcal art thou then, to praiſe him ſo for running?

Fal. A horſeback (ye cuckoe) but a foote he wil not budge a foote.

Prince Yes Iack, vpon inſtinct,

Fal. I grant ye, vpon inſtinct: wel, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thouſand blew caps more. *Worceſter* is ſtolne away to night, thy fathers beard is turnd white with the news, you may buy land now as cheape as ſtinking mackrell.

Prin. Then tis like, if there come a hote ſun, and this ciuill buffetting hold, we ſhall buy maydenheads as they buy hobnailes, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the maſſe lad, thou ſaiſt true, it is like wee ſhall haue good trading that way, but tell me Hal, art not thou horrible afeard? thou being heire apparant, could the world picke thee out three ſuch enemies againe, as that fiend *Dowglas*, that ſpirit *Percy*, and that diuell *Glendower*? art not thou horrible afraide? doth not thy bloud thrill at it?

Prin. Not a whit yfaith, I lack ſome of thy inſtinct.

Fal. Wel, thou wilt bee horrible chidde to morrow when thou cõmeſt to thy father: if thou doe loue me, practiſe an anſwer.

Prin. Doe thou ſtand for my father, and examine me vpon the particulars of my life.

Fal. Shall I? content: this chaire ſhall be my ſtate, this dagger my ſcepter, and this cuſhion my crowne.

Prince. Thy ſtate is taken for a ioynd ſtoole, thy golden ſcepter for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crowne, for a pitifull bald crowne.

Fal. Well, and the fire of grace bee not quite out of thee, now ſhalt thou bee moued. Giue mee a cup of ſacke to make mine eyes looke redde, that it may bee thought I haue wept, for I muſt ſpeake in paſſion, and I will doe it, in King *Cambyſes* vaine.

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Prince VVell, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my ſpeech, ſtand aſide Nobilitie.

Ho. O Ieſu, this is excellent ſport, yfaith.

Fal. VVeepe not ſweet Queene, for trickling teres are vain.

Ho. O the father, how how he holds his countenance?

Fal. For Gods ſake Lords, conuey my truſtfull Queene. For teares do ſtop the floud-gates of her eyes.

Hot. O Ieſu, he doth it as like one of theſe harlotry players, as euer I ſee.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot, peace, good tickle braine. Harry, I do not onely maruell where thou ſpēdeſt thy time: but alſo, how thou art accompanyed. For though the cāmomil the more it is trodē on, the faſter it grows: yet youth, the more it is waſted, the ſooner it weares: thou art my ſon, I haue partly thy mothers word, partly my opinion, but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye, and a fooliſh hanging of the neather lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou bee ſonne to mee, here lieth the point: why, being ſonne to me, art thou ſo pointed at? ſhall the bleſſed ſonne of heauen proue a micher, and eate blacke-berries? a queſtion not to be askt. Shall the ſon of England proue a thiefe, & take purſes? a queſtion to be askt. There is a thing, Harry, which thou haſt often heard of, and it is known to many in our land, by the name of pitch. This pitch (as ancient writers do report) doth defile: ſo doth the company thou keepeſt: for Harry, now I do not ſpeake to thee in drinke, but in teares; not in pleaſure, but in paſſion; not in words onely, but in woes alſo: & yet there is a vertuous man, whom I haue often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prin. VVhat manner of man, and it like your Maieſtie?

Fal. A goodly portly man yfaith, and a corpulent, of a cheerfull look, a pleaſing eie and a moſt noble cariage, & as I think, his age ſome fifty, or birlady, inclining to threeſcore, and now I remēber me, his name is Falſtalffe: if that man ſhold be lewdly giuen, he deceiues me. For Harry, I ſee vertue in his lookes: if then the tree may bee knowne by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree; then peremptorily I ſpeake it, there is vertue in that Falſtalffe, him keepe with, the reſt baniſh: and tell me now, thou naughtie varlet, tell me, where haſt thou bin this month?

Prince.

Prin. Doſt thou ſpeake like a king? do thou ſtand for mee and Ile play my father.

Fal. Depoſe me; if thou doſt it halfe ſo gracely, ſo maieſtically both in word and matter, hang mee vp by the heeles for a rabbet ſucker or a Poulters Hare.

Prin. Well, heere I am ſet.

Fal And here I ſtand, iudge my maſters.

Prince Now, Harry, whence come you?

Fal. My noble Lord, from Eaſtcheape.

Prince The complaints I heare of thee, are grieuous.

Fal. Zbloud my Lord, they are falſe: nay: Ile tickle ye for a yong Prince yfaith.

Prin. Swearеſt thou, vngracious boy: henceforth nere looke on me, thou art violently carried away from grace, there is a deuell haunts thee, in the likeneſſe of an old fat mā, a tun of man is thy companion: why doſt thou conuerſe with that trunke of humors, that boulting hutch of beaſtlineſſe, that ſwoln parcell of dropſies, that huge bombard of ſacke, that ſtuft cloke bag of guts, that roſted Manning tree Oxe with the pudding in his belly, that reuerent vice, that gray iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity in yeeres, wherein is he good? but to taſt ſacke and drinke it? wherin neat & cleanly, but to carue a capon & eat it? wherein cunning, but in craft? wherin crafty, but in villany? wherein villanous, but in all thinges? wherein worthy, but in nothing?

Fal. I would your grace would take me with you, whom meanes your grace?

Prince That villanous abhominable miſleader of youth, Falſtalffe, that old white bearded Sathan.

Fal. My Lord, the man I know. *Pri.* I know thou doeſt.

Fal. But to ſay, I know more harme in him then in my ſelfe, were to ſay more then I know: that he is old, the more the pittie, his white haires do witneſſe it: but that he is, ſauing your reuerence, a whoremaſter, that I vtterly deny: if ſack and ſugar be a fault, God helpe the wicked: if to be old and merry bee a ſin, thē many an old hoſt that I know, is damn'd: if to be fat, be to bee hated, thē Pharaos lean kine are to be loued. No, my good lord, baniſh Peto, baniſh Bardol, baniſh Poines, but for ſweete Iacke

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Falſtalffe, kinde Iacke Falſtalffe, true Iacke Falſtalffe, valiant Iack Falſtalffe, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old Iacke Falſtalffe, baniſh not him thy Harries company, baniſh not him thy Harries company; baniſh Plumpe Iacke, & baniſh all the world.

Prince Ido, I will. *Enter Bardoll running.*

Bar. O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sherife, with a moſt monſtrous watch, is at the dore.

Fal. Out you rogue, play out the play. I haue much to ſay in the behalfe of that *Falſtalffe*.

Enter the Hoſteſſe.

Ho. O Ieſu, my Lord, my Lord!

Fal. Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a fiddle ſticke whats the matter?

Ho. The Sherife and all the watch are at the doore, they are come to ſearch the houſe, ſhall I let them in?

Fal. Doeſt thou heare, Hal? neuer call a true piece of gold a counterfeit, thou art eſſentially made, without ſeeming ſo.

Prince And thou a naturall coward without inſtinct.

Fal. I deny your Maior, if you wil deny the Sherife, ſo, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I ſhall as ſoone be ſtrangled with a halter as another.

Prince. Goe hide thee behind the Arras, the reſt walke vp aboue: now my maſters, for a true face and good conſcience.

Fal. Both which I haue had, but their date is out, and therfore Ile hide me.

Prince Call in the Sherife.

Enter Sherife and the Carrier.

Prince Now maſter Sherife, what is your will with me?

She. Firſt, pardon me, my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this houſe.

Prince What men?

She. One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a groſſe fat man.

Car. As fat, as butter.

Prince The man, I doe aſſure you is not here
For I my ſelfe at this time haue imployd him:

And

And Sheriffe I will ingage my word to thee,
That I will by to morrow dinner time,
Send him to anſwere thee or any man,
For any thing he ſhall be chargde withall,
And ſo let me intreat you leaue the houſe,

Sher. I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen
Haue in this robbery loſt 300. markes.

Prin. It may be ſo: if he haue robd theſe men
He ſhall bee anſwerable: and ſo farewell.

Sher. Good night my noble Lord.

Prin, I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

Sher, Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke. *Exit.*

Prin. This oyly raſcall is knowne as well as Poules: goe call him forth.

Peto. Falſtalffe? faſt aſleepe behind the Arras, and ſnorting like a horſe.

Prince. Hark, how hard he fetches breath, ſearch his pockets.

He ſearcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.

Prin. What haſt thou found?

Peto. Nothing but papers my Lord.

Prin. Lets ſee what be they: reade them.

Item a capon	2.s.2.d
Item ſawce	iiii.d.
Item, ſacke, two gallons.	v.s.viii.d.
Item anchaues and ſacke after ſupper	2.s.6.d.
Item bread	ob

O monſtrous! but one halfe peniworth of bread to this intolerable deale of ſacke? what there is elſe, keep cloſe, weele reade it at more aduantage: there let him ſleep till day; Ile to the court in the morning, We muſt all to the wars, and thy place ſhalbee honorable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of foote, and I know his death will be a match of twelue ſcore; the money ſhall be paide backe againe with aduantage; be with me betimes in the morning, and ſo good morrow Peto.

Peto, Good morrow, good my Lord *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Lord Mortimer
Owen Glendower.

Mor. Theſe promiſes are faire, the parties ſure,

And

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And our induction full of proſperous hope
Hot. Lord Mortimer, & coſin Glendower will you ſit down?
and vncle Worceſter; a plague vpon it, I haue forgot the map.
Glen. No, here it is, ſit Coſin Percy, ſit good Coſin Hotſpur, for by that name, as oft as Lancaſter doth ſpeake of you, his cheeke lookes pale, and with a riſing ſigh he wiſheth you in heauen.
Hot. And you in hell, as oft as he heares Owen Glendower ſpoke of.
Glen. I cannot blame him; at my natiuitie
The front of heauen was full of firie ſhapes
Of burning creſſets, and at my birth
The frame and foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward,
Hot. Why ſo it would haue done at the ſame ſeaſon, if your mothers cat had but kittened, though your ſelfe had neuer bin borne.
Glen. I ſay the earth did ſhake when I was borne,
Hot. And I ſay the earth was not of my mind,
If you ſuppoſe, as fearing you, it ſhooke.
Glen. The heauens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
Hot. Oh! then the earth ſhooke to ſee the heauens on fire,
And not in feare of your natiuitie.
Diſeaſed nature oftentimes breakes forth
In ſtrang eruptions, of the teeming earth
Is with a kinde of collicke pincht and vext,
By the impriſoning of vnruly winde
Within her wombe, which for inlargement ſtriuing,
Shakes the old Beldame earth, and topples downe
Steeples and moſgrowne Towers. At your birth
Our grundam earth, hauing this diſtemperature,
In paſſion ſhooke.
Glen. Coſin, of many men
I do not beare theſe croſſing; giue me leaue
To tell you once againe, that at my birth
The front of heauen was full of fierie ſhapes,
The goates ran from the mountaines, and the heardes
Were ſtrangely clamorous to the frighted fields.

Theſe ſignes haue markt me extraordinary,
And all the courſes of my life do ſhew,
I am not in the roll of common men:
Where is the liuing, clipt in with the ſea
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales
Which cals me pupill, or hath read to me,
And bring him out, that is but womans ſonne,
Can trace me in the tedious waies of Art,
And hold me pace in deepe experiments.
Hot. I thinke there's no man ſpeakes better Welſh,
Ile to dinner.
Mor. Peace coſen Percy, you will make him mad.
Glen. I can call ſpirits from the vaſty deepe.
Hot. Why, ſo can I, or ſo can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glen. Why, I can teach you coſen to command the diuell.
Hot. And I can teach thee coſe, to ſhame the diuell,
By telling truth. Tell truth and ſhame the diuel,
If thou haue power to raiſe him, bring him hither
And Ile be ſworne, I haue power to ſhame him hence.
Oh, while you liue, tell truth and ſhame the diuell.
Mor. Come, come, no more of this vnprofitable chat.
Glen. Three times hath Henry Bullingbrooke made head
Againſt my power, thrice from the banks of VVye,
And Sandy bottomde Seuerne haue I hent him
Bootles home, and weather beaten backe.
Hot. Home without bootes, and in fowle weather too?
How ſcapes he agues in the diuels name?
Glen. Come, here is the Map, ſhall we diuide our right,
According to our threefold order tane?
Mor. The Arch-deacon hath deuided it
Into three limits, very equally:
England from Trent, and Seuerne hitherto,
By South and Eaſt, is to my part aſſignde,
All weſtward, VVales beyond the Seuerne ſhore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower: and deare coſe, to you
The remnant Northward, lying off from Trent,

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And our indentures tripartite are drawne
Which being ſealed enterchangeably,
(A buſines that this night may execute:)
To morrow cooſen Percy you and I
And my good Lord of Worceſter will ſet forth,
To meet your father and the Scottiſh power,
As is appointed vs at Shrewſbury.
My Father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor ſhall wee need his helpe theſe foureteene dayes;
Within that ſpace, you may haue drawne together
Your tenants, friendes and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glen. A ſhorter time ſhall ſend me to you, Lords
And in my conduct ſhall your Ladies come,
From whome you now muſt ſteale, and take no leaue
For there will be a world of water ſhed,
Vpon the parting of your wiues and you.
Hot. Me thinkes my moity North from Burton here
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this riuer comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the beſt of all my land,
A huge halfe Moone, a monſtrous ſcantle out:
Ile haue the current in this place damd vp,
And here the ſmug and ſiluer Trent ſhall run,
In a new channell, faire and euenly,
It ſhall not wind with ſuch a deepe indent
To rob me of ſo rich a bottome here.
Glen. Not wind? it ſhall, it muſt, you ſee it doth.
Mor. Yea, but marke how he beares his courſe, and runs me vp, with like aduantage on the other ſide, gelding the oppoſed continent, as much, as on the other ſide, it takes from you.
Wor. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this North ſide, win this cape of land
And then he runs ſtraight and euen,
Hot. Ile haue it ſo, a little charge will do it.
Glen. Ile not haue it altred.
Hot. Will not you?
Glen. No, nor you ſhall not.
Hot. Who ſhall ſay me nay?

Glen. VVhy, that wil I,
Hot. Let me not vnderſtand you then, ſpeake it in welſh.
Glen. I can ſpeake Engliſh, Lord, as well as you,
For I was traind vp in the Engliſh Court,
Where, being but yong, I framed to the harpe
Many an Engliſh dittie, louly wel,
And gaue the tongue a helpeful ornament:
A vertu that was neuer ſeene in you.
Hot. Marry, and I am glad of it, with al my heart,
I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Then one of theſe ſame miter ballet-mongers:
I had rather heare a braſen canſtick turnd,
Or a dry wheele grat on the axle-tree,
And that would ſet my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing ſo much as minſing Poetry:
T'is like the forc't gate of a ſhuffling nag.
Glen. Come you ſhal haue Trent turnd.
Hot. I do not care, Ile giue thrice ſo much land
To any wel deſeruing friend:
But in the way of bargaine, marke ye me:
Ile cauill on the ninth part of a heaire.
Are the indentures drawne? ſhal we be gone?
Glen. The Moone ſhines faire, you may away by night:
Ile haſt the writer, and withall,
Breake with your wiues, of your departure hence,
I am afraide my daughter will runmad,
So much ſhe doteth on her Mortimer. *Exit*
Mor. Fie, cooſen Percy, how you croſſe my father.
Hot. I cannot chuſe ſometime he angers me
VVith telling me of the Moldwarp and the Ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his propheecies:
And, of a dragon and a finleſſe fiſh,
A clip-wingd Griffin and a moulten Rauen,
A couc hing Lion, and a ramping Cat,
And ſuch a deale of skimble skamble ſtuffe,
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what,
He held me laſt night, at leaſt, nine houres,
In reckning vp the ſeuerall deuels names

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That were his lackies: I cried hum, and well, go to,
But marke him not a word, O, he is as tedious
As a tyred horſe, a railing wife,
Worſe then a ſmoky houſe. I had rather liue
With cheeſe and garlike in a windmill far,
Then feede on cates, and haue him talke to me,
In any ſummer houſe in Chriſtendome.

Mor. In faith he was a worthy Gentleman,
Exceeding well read and profited
In ſtrange concealments, valiant as a Lion,
And wondrous affable; and as bountifull
As mines of India: ſhall I tell you, coſſin,
He holds your temper in a high reſpect,
And curbs himſelfe, euen of his naturall ſcope,
When you come croſſe his humor, faith he does:
I warrant you, that man is not aliue,
Might ſo haue tempted him, as you haue done,
Without the taſte of danger and reproofe:
But do not vſe it oft, let me intreat you.

Wor. In faith, my Lord, you are to wilfull blame,
And ſince your comming hither, haue done enough
To put him quit beſides his patience:
You muſt needes learne, Lord, to amend this fault,
Though ſometimes it ſhew greatneſſe, courage, bloud,
And thats the deareſt grace it renders you:
Yet often times it doth preſent harſh rage,
Defect of manners, want of gouerment,
Pride, hautineſſe, opinion, and diſdaine,
The leaſt of which, hanting a noble man,
Loſeth mens hearts, and leaues behinde a ſtaine
Vpon the beuty of all partes beſides,
Beguiling them of commendation.

Hot. Wel, I am ſchoold, good manners be your ſpeede,
Heere come your wiues, and let vs take our leaue.

Enter Glendower with the Ladies.

Mor. This is the deadly ſpight that angers me,
My wife can ſpeake no Engliſh, I no welſh.

Glen. My daughter weepes, ſhe'le not part with you,
She'le

She'le be a ſouldier too, ſhe'le to the wars.

Mor. Good father tell her, that ſhe, and my Aunt Percy
Shall follow in your conduct ſpeedily.

Glendower ſpeakes to her in welſh, and ſhe anſweres him in the ſame.

Glen. She is deſperate here,
A peeuiſh ſelfe-wild harlotry, one that no perſwaſion can doe
good vpon.

The Lady ſpeakes in welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy lookes, that prety welſh,
Which thou powreſt downe from theſe ſwelling heauens,
I am too perfect in, and but for ſhame.
In ſuch a parley ſhould I anſwere thee.

The Lady againe in welſh.

Mor. I vnderſtand thy kiſſes, and thou mine,
And thats a feeling diſputation:
But I will neuer be a truant loue,
Till I haue learnd thy language, for thy tongue
Makes welſh as ſweete as ditties highly pend,
Sung by a faire Queene in a ſummers bowre,
With rauiſhing diuiſion to her lute.

Glen. Nay, if thou melt, then will ſhe runne mad.

The Lady ſpeakes againe in welſh.

Mor. O, I am ignorance it ſelfe in this.

Glen. She bids you on the wanton ruſhes lay you downe,
And reſt your gentle head vpon her lap,
And ſhe will ſing the ſung that pleaſeth you,
And on your eyelids crowne the God of ſleepe,
Charming your bloud with pleaſing heauineſſe
Making ſuch difference betwixt wake and ſleepe,
As is the difference betwixt day and night,
The houre before the heauenly harneſt teeme
Begins his golden progreſſe in the Eaſt.

Mor. With al my heart Ile ſit and heare her ſing,
By that time will our booke I thinke be drawne.

Glen. Do ſo, and thoſe Muſitions that ſhall play to you,
Hang in the ayre a thouſand leagues from thence,
And ſtraight they ſhal be here, ſit and attend.

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Hot. Come Kate, thou art perfect in lying downe:
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, ye giddy gooſe.

The muſicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the diuell vnderſtands Welch
And t'is no maruell he is ſo humorous,
Birlady he is a good muſition.
La. Then would you be nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether gouerned by humors:
Lie ſtill ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in Welſh.
Hot. I had rather heare Lady, my brache howle in Iriſh.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then be ſtill.
Hot. Neither t'is a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the Welſh Ladies bed.
La. VVhat's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhe ſings.

Here the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, and as true as I liue, & as God ſhall mend me, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch ſarcenet ſurety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walkſt further then Finſburie:
Sweare me Kate, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Citizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. Tis the next way to turne tayler, or be redbreſt teacher; and the indentures be drawn, Ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when ye will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come, Lord Mortimer, you are as ſlow,
As Hot, Lord Percy is on fire to go.

By

By this our booke is drawne, weele but ſeale
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King, Prince of Wales and other.

King. Lords giue vs leaue, the Prince of Wales and I
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, but be neere at hand
For we ſhall preſently haue neede of you. *Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will haue it ſo,
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue done,
That in his ſecret doome, out of my bloud,
Hee'le breede reuengement and a ſcourge for me:
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely mark't
For the hote vengeance, and the rod of heauen
To puniſh my miſtreadings. Tell me elſe
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſires,
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewde, ſuch meane attempts
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſocietie,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafted to,
Accompany the greatnes of thy bloud,
And hold their leuell with thy princely heart?
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as cleare excuſe,
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purge
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withall:
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde,
Which oft the eare of greatnes needes muſt heare
By ſmiling pick-thanks, and baſe newes-mongers,
I may for ſome things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me wonder, Harry
At thy affections, which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſtors,
Thy place in counſell thou haſt rudely loſt
VVhich by thy yonger brother is ſupplide,
And art almoſt an alien to the harts

of

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Of all the Court and Princes of my bloud,
The hope and expectation of thy time,
Is ruin'd, and the ſoule of euery man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall:
Had I ſo lauiſh of my preſence beene,
So common hackneid in the eyes of men,
So ſtale and cheape to vulgar company,
Opinion that did helpe me to the crowne
Had ſtill kept loyall to poſſeſſion,
And left me in reputeles baniſhment,
A fellow of no marke nor likelihood,
By beeing ſeldome ſeene, I could not ſtir
But like a Comet I was wondred at,
That men would tel their children, This is he:
Others would ſay, where, which is Bullingbrooke?
And then I ſtole all curteſie from heauen,
And dreſt my ſelfe in ſuch humility,
That I did plucke allegiance from mens harts:
Loud ſhoutes and ſalutations from their mouthes,
Euen in the preſence of the crowned king.
Thus did I keepe my perſon freſh and new,
My preſence like a robe pontificall,
Ne're ſeene, but wondred at, and ſo my ſtate
Seldome, bur ſumptuous, ſhewed like a feaſt
And wan by rarenes ſuch ſolemnity.
The skipping king, he ambled vp and downe,
With ſhallow ieſters, and raſh bauin wits,
Soone kindled, and ſoone burnt, carded his ſtate,
Mingled his royalty with carping fooles;
Had his great name prophaned with their ſcornes,
And gaue his countenance againſt his name,
To laugh at gybing Boyes, and ſtand the puſh
Of euery beardles vaine comparatiue
Grew a companion to the common ſtreetes,
Enfeoft himſelfe to popularity,
That being dayly ſwallowed by mens eyes,
They ſurfetted with hony, and began to loath,
The taſte of ſweetnes, whereof a little

More then a little, is by much too much.
So when he had occaſion to bee ſeene,
He was, but as the Cuckow is in *I*une,
Heard, not regarded: ſeene but with ſuch eyes
As ſicke and blunted with community,
Affoord no extraordinary gaze.
Such as is bent on ſun-like Maieſty,
VVhen it ſhines ſeldome in admiring eyes,
But rather drowzd, and hung their eye-lids downe
Slept in his face, and rendred ſuch aſpect
As cloudy men vſe to do to their aduerſaries,
Being with his preſence, glutted, gorgde and full.
And in that very line, Harry ſtanedſt thou
For, thou haſt loſt thy princely priuiledge,
VVith vile participation, Not an eye
But is a weary of thy common ſight,
Saue mine, which hath deſired to ſee thee more,
VVhich now doth that I would not haue it doe
Make blinde it ſelfe with fooliſh tendernes,
Prin. I ſhall hereafter, my thrice gratious Lord
Be more my ſelfe. *Kin.* For all the world
As thou art to this howre, was Richard then,
VVhen *I* from France ſet foot at Rauenſpurgh,
And euen as I was then is Percy now:
Now by my ſcepter and my ſoule to boote,
He hath more worthy intereſt to the ſtate,
Then thou, the ſhadow of ſucceſſion,
For of no right nor colour like to right,
He doth fill fields with harnes in the Realme,
Turns head againſt the Lions armed iawes,
And being no more indebt to yeares, then thou
Leades ancient Lords, and reuerent Biſhops on,
To bloody battels, and to bruſing arms,
VVhat neuer dying honor hath he got
Againſt renowned Dowglas? whoſe high deedes,
VVhoſe hot incurſions, and great name in Armes:
Holds from all Souldiers chiefe maiority,
And military title capitall,

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Through all the kingdomes that acknowledge Christ,
Thrice hath this Hotspur Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warriour, in his enterprises,
Discomfited great Douglas, tane him once,
Enlarged him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deepe defiance vp,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishops Grace of Yorke, Douglas, Mortimer
Capitulate against vs, and are vp.
But, wherefore do I tell these newes to thee?
Why, Harry do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my neerest and deerest enemy?
Thou that art like enough through vassall feare
Base inclination, and the start of spleene,
To fight against me vnder Percies pay,
To dog his heeles, and curtsie at his frownes,
To shew how much thou art degenerate.

Prin. Do not thinke so, you shall not finde it so,
And God forgiue them, that so much haue swayde
Your Maiesties good thoughts away from me:
I will redeeme all this on Percies head:
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your sonne,
When I will weare a garment all of bloud,
And staine my fauours in a bloudy maske,
Which washt away, shall scoure my shame with it.
And that shall bee the day, when ere it lights
That this same child of honour and renowne,
This gallant Hotspur, this all praysed knight,
And your vnthought of Harry chance to meet,
For euery honor sitting on his helme,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled. For the time will come
That I shall make this Northerne youth exchange
His glorious deedes for my indignities,
Percy is but my Factor, good my Lord
To engrosse my glorious deedes on my behalfe.

And I will call him to so strict account,
That he shall render euery glory vp,
Yea, euen the sleightest worship of his time,
Or I will teare the reckoning from his heart.
This in the name of God I promise here,
The which if he be pleasd, I shall performe
I do beseech your Maiesty may salue,
The long growne woundes of my intemperance:
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousands deaths,
Ere breake the smallest parcell of this vow.

Kin. A hundred thousand rebels die in this,
Thou shalt haue charge, and soueraigne trust herein.
How now good Blunt? thy lookes are full of speed.

Enter Blunt.

Blunt. So hath the businesse that I come to speake of.
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word,
That Douglas and the English rebels met
The eleuenth of this month at Shrewsburie,
A mighty and a fearefull head they are,
(If promises be kept on euery hand)
As euer offred foule play in a state.

Kin. The Earle of Westmerland set forth to day,
With him my sonne Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
For this aduertisement is fiue daies old,
On wednesday next. Harry, thou shalt set forward
On Thursday, we our selues will march. Our meeting
Is Bridgenorth, and Harry you shall march
Through Glocestershire, by which account
Our business valued some twelue daies hence
Our generall forces at Bridgenorth shall meet
Our hands are full of businesse, let's away,
Aduantage feedes him fat, while men delay. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falstaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, am I not falne away vilely since this last action? do I not bate? doe I not dwindle? Why my skin hangs about me like an old Ladies loose gowne. I am withered like an olde apple Iohn. Well, ile repent, and that sodainely, while I am in

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ſome liking, I ſhall be out of heart ſhortly, & then I ſhal haue no ſtrength to repent. And I haue not forgotte what the inſide of a Church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewers horſe, the inſide of a Churce. Company, villanous company hath bin the ſpoile of me.

Bar. Sir Iohn you are ſo fretfull, you cannot liue long.

Fal. Why, there is it, come, ſing me a bawdy ſong, make me merry. I was as vertuouſly giuen, as a gentleman neede to bee, vertuous enough. ſwore little, dic't not aboue ſeuē times a week went to a bawdy houſe not aboue once in a quarter of an hour, paid mony that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, & in good compaſſe, and now I liue out of all order, out of all compaſſe.

Bar. Why, you are ſo fat, ſir Iohn, that you muſt needes be out of all compaſſe: out of al reaſonable compaſſe, ſir Iohn.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and Ile amēd my life: thou art our Admirall, thou beareſt the lanterne in the poope, but 'tis in the noſe of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

Bar. Why, ſir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

Fal. No, Ile be ſworne, I make as good vſe of it, as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer ſee thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, & Diues that liued in purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any way giuen to vertue, I would ſweare by thy face: my oth ſhould be, By this fire, thats Gods Angel. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: & wert indeede, but for the light in thy face, the ſon of vtter darkneſſe. When thou ranſt vp Gads hill in the night, to catch my horſe, if I did not thinke that thou hadſt been an *ignis fatuus*, or a bal of wild-fire, there's no purchaſe in money, O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlaſting bone-fire light thou haſt ſaued me a thouſand Markes in Linkes & Torches, walking with thee in the night, betwixt Tauerne & Tauerne: but the ſack that thou haſt drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the deareſt chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Salamāder of youres, with fire, any time this two and thirty yeeres: God reward me for it.

Bar. Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God a mercy, ſo ſhould I be ſure to be heart-burnd.

How

How now, dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquirde yet who pickt my pocket? *Enter Hoſt.*

Hoſ. Why ſir Iohn, what do you think, ſir Iohn: do you think I keepe theeues in my houſe? I haue ſearcht, I haue enquired, ſo haz my husband, man by man, boy by boy, ſeruant by ſeruant: the tight of a haire was neuer loſt in my houſe before.

Fal. Ye lie, Hoſteſſe, Bardoll was ſhaud, and loſt many a haire: and ile beſworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

Hoſ. VVho I? no, I defie thee: Gods light, I was neuer calde ſo in mine owne houſe before.

Fal. Go to, I know you well inough.

Hoſ. No, ſir Iohn, you do not know me, ſir Iohn, I know you ſir Iohn, you owe me money ſir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of ſhirtes to your backe.

Fal. Doulas, filthy Doulas. I haue giuen them away to bakers wiues, they haue made boulters of them.

Ho. Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii. s. an el: you owe money here beſides ſir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and money lent you, xxiiii. pound.

Fal. He had his part of it, let him pay.

Ho. He? alas, he is poore, he hath nothing.

Fal. How? poore? looke vpon his face, what call you rich? let them coine his noſe, let them coine his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what, will you make a yonker of me? ſhall I not take mine eaſe in mine Inne, but I ſhal haue my pocket pickt? I haue loſt a ſeale ring of my Grandfathers worth forty marke.

Hoſ. O Ieſu! I haue heard the Prince tel him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

Fal. How? the Prince is a Iacke, a ſneake-cup: Zbloud and he were here, I would cudgel him like a dogge if he would ſay ſo.

Enter the Prince marching, and Falſtalffe meetes him playing on his truncheon like a Fife.

Fal. How now lad? is the wind in that dore i faith? muſt wee all march?

Bar. Yea, two and two, Newgate faſhion.

Ho. My Lord I pray you heare me.

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Prin. What ſaiſt thou, miſtris quickly? how doth thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou Iacke?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind the Arras, and had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. What didſt thou loſe, Iacke?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, Hal? three or foure bonds of forty pound a peece, and a ſeale ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me els

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued prune, nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Foxe; and for womanhood, maid Marion may bee the deputies wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am nothing to thank God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it, I am an honeſt mans wife, & ſetting thy Knighthoode aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy womanhood aſide, thou art a beaſt to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Falſt. What beaſt? why, an Otter.

Prin. An Otter ſir Iohn? why an Otter?

Falſt. VVhy? ſhees neither fiſh nor fleſh, a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo, thou or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou

Prin. Thou ſayeſt true, Hoſtes, and he ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So he doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day You ought

ought him a thouſand pound.

Prince Sirra, doe I owe you a thouſand pound?

Fal. A thouſand pound Hal? a million: thy loue is worth a million: thou oweſt me thy loue.

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee cald you Iacke, and ſaid hee would cudgell you.

Fal. Did I, Bardoll?

Bar. Indeede, ſir Iohn, you ſaide ſo.

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my ring was copper.

Pri. I ſay tis copper: darſt thou be as good as thy word now?

Fal. Why Hal? thou knoweſt, as thou art but a man, I dare, but as thou art Prince, I feare thee, as I feare the roaring of the Lyons Whelpe.

Prince And why not as the Lyon?

Fal. The King himſelfe, is to be feared as the Lyon: doeſt thou thinke ile feare thee, as I feare thy father? nay, and I doe I pray God my girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how would thy guts fal about thy knees? but ſirra, ther's no roome for faith, truth, nor honeſty, in this boſome of thine, It is all fillde vppe with guttes, and midriffe, Charge an honeſt woman with picking thy pocket? why, thou horeſon impudent imboſt raſcall, if there were any thing in thy pocket, but tauerne reckonings, memorādums of bawdy houſes, and one poore peniworth of Sugar-candie to make thee long winded: if thy pocket were inricht with any other iniuries but theſe I am a villaine; and yet you will ſtand to it, you will not pocket vp wrong: art thou not aſhamed?

Fal Doeſt thou heare, hal? thou knowſt in the ſtate of innocency, *Adam* fell, & what ſhould poore Iacke Falſtalffe do in the daies of villanie? thou ſeeſt, I haue more fleſh then another man, & therfore more frailty. You confeſſe then you pickt my pocket.

Prin. It apeares ſo by the ſtory.

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee, go make ready breakfaſt, loue thy husband, looke to thy ſeruants, cheriſh thy gheſts, thou ſhalt find me tractable to any honeſt reaſon: thou ſeeſt I am paciſie d ſtill: nay, prethee be gone. *Exit Hoſteſſe.*

Now Hal, to the newes at court for the robbery, lad? how is that anſwered?

Prin.

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Prin. O my ſweet beoffe, I muſt ſtill be good Angell to thee, the money is paid backe againe.

Fal. O, I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labour.

Prin. I am good friends with my father, & may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the Exchequer the firſt thing thou doeſt, and do it with vnwaſht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee, Iacke a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had beene of horſe. Where ſhall I finde one that can ſteale wel? O, for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or ther about; I am hainouſly vnprouided. Well, God be thanked for theſe rebels, they offend none but the vertuous; I laud them, I praiſe them. *Prin.* Bardoll. *Bar* My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
To my brother Iohn, this to my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Go, Peto, to horſe, for thou and I
Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time:
Iacke meete me to morrow in the Temple hall,
At two a clocke in the afternoone,
There ſhalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue,
Money and order for their furniture.
The land is burning, Percy ſtands on high,
And eyther they or we muſt lower lie.

Fal. Rare words braue world. Hoſtes, my breakefaſt come
Oh, I could wiſh this Tauerne were my drum. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter and Douglas.

Hot Well ſaid, my noble Scot, if ſpeaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution ſhould the Douglas haue
As not a Souldier of this ſeaſons ſtampe,
Should go ſo generall currant through the world,
By God I cannot flatter, I defie
The tongues of ſoothers, but a brauer place
In my harts loue hath no man then your ſelfe:
Nay, taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Dou. Thou art the king of honour,
No man ſo potent breathes vpon the ground,
But I will beard him. *Enter one with letters.*

Hot.

Hot. Do ſo, and t'is well: What letters haſt thou there? I can but thanke you.

Meſſ. Theſe letters come from your father.

Hot. Letters from him? why comes he not himſelfe?

Meſ He cannot come, my Lord, he is grieuous ſick.

Hot. Zounds, how hath he the leiſure to be ſicke
In ſuch a iuſtling time? who leades his power?
Vnder whoſe gouernment come they along?

Meſſ. His letters beares his mind, not I his mind.

Wor. I prethee tell me doth he keepe his bed?

Meſſ. He did, my Lord, foure dayes ere I ſet forth,
And at the time of my departure thence,
He was much feard by his Phiſition.

Wor. I would the ſtate of time had firſt bin whole,
Ere he by ſickneſs had bin viſited:
His heath was neuer better worth then now.

Hot. Sicke now, droope now, this ſickneſs doth infect
The very life-bloud of our enterpriſe,
T'is catching hither, euen to our campe:
He writes me here, that inward ſickneſſe,
And that his friends by deputation
Could not ſo ſoone be drawne, nor did he thinke it meete,
To lay ſo dangerous and deare a truſt
On any ſoule remou'd, but on his owne,
Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertiſement,
That with our ſmall coniunction, we ſhould on,
To ſee how fortune is diſpos'd to vs:
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Becauſe the King is certainely poſſeſt
Of all our purpoſes: what ſay you to it?

Wor. Your fathers ſickneſſe is a maime to vs.

Hot. A perilous gaſh, a very limme lopt off,
And yet, in faith, it is not his preſent want
Seemes more then we ſhall find it: were it good,
To ſet the exact wealth of al our ſtates,
All at one caſt? to ſet ſo rich a maine,
On the nice hazzard of one doubtfull houre,
It were not good, for therin ſhould we read

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The very bottome and the ſoule of hope,
The very liſt, the very vtmoſt bound
Of al our fortunes.
Doug. Faith, and ſo we ſhould,
Where now remaines a ſweet reuerſion,
We may boldly ſpend vpon the hope of what t'is to come in
A comfort of retirement liues in this.
Hot. A randeous, a home to fly vnto,
If that the Diuell and miſchance looke big
Vpon the maiden-head of our affaires.
Wor. But yet I would your father had been here:
The quality and heaire of our attempt
Brookes no diuiſion, it will be thought
By ſome, that know not why he is away,
That wiſdome, loyalty, and meere diſlike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how ſuch an apprehenſion
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of queſtion in our cauſe:
For, wel you know, we of the offring ſide,
Muſt keepe aloofe from ſtrict arbitrement,
And ſtop all ſight-holes, euery loope, from whence,
The eye of reaſon may prie in vpon vs,
This abſence of your fathers drawes a curtaine,
That ſhewes the ignorant, a kind of feare
Before not dreamt of.
Hot. You ſtraine too far.
I rather of his abſence make this vſe,
It lends a luſtre and more great oppinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were here: for men muſt think,
If we without his helpe can make a head
To puſh againſt a kingdome, with his helpe
We ſhall, or turne it topſie turuy downe,
Yet al goes well, yet al our iontes are whole.
Doug. As heart can thinke, there is not ſuch a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this tearme of feare

Enter Sir Ri. Vernon.

Hot. My cooſin Vernon, welcome by my ſoule.
Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of Weſtmerland, ſeuen thouſand ſtrong,
Is marching hitherwards, with Prince Iohn.
Hot. No harme what more?
Ver. And further I haue learnd,
The King himſelfe in perſon hath ſet forth,
Or hitherwardes intended ſpeedily,
With ſtrong and mighty preparation.
Hot. He ſhall be welcome too: where is his ſonne,
The nimble footed madcap, Prince of Wales?
And his Cumrades, that daſt the world aſide,
And bid it paſſe?
Ver. All furniſht, all in Armes:
All plumde like Eſtridges, that with the winde
Baited like Eagles hauing lately bath'd,
Glittering in golden coats like images,
As ful of ſpirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the ſunne at Midſomer,
Wanton as youthful goates, wilde as yong buls:
I ſaw yong Harry with his beuer on,
His cuſhes on his thighes, gallantly armde,
Riſe from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with ſuch eaſe into his ſeate,
As if an angell dropt downe from the cloudes,
To turne and wind a fiery Pegaſus,
And witch the world with noble horſemanſhip.
Hot. No more, no more, wors than the ſun in March.
This praiſe doth nouriſh agues, let them come,
They com like ſacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyd maide of ſmoky war,
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailed Mars ſhall on his altar ſit
Vp to the eares in bloud, I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is ſo nigh,
And yet not ours: Come, let me take my horſe,
Who is to boare me like a thunderbolt,
Againſt the boſome of the Prince of Wales,

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Harry to Harry, ſhal not horſe to horſe
Meete, and ne're part, til one drop downe a coarſe:
Oh, that Glendower were come.
Ver. There is more newes,
I learnd in Worceſter, as I rode along,
He can draw his power this fourteene dayes.
Doug. Thats the worſt tydings, that I heare of it.
Wor. I by my faith, that beares a frosty ſound.
Hot. What may the Kings whole battel reach vnto?
Ver. To thirty thouſand.
Hot. Forty let it be,
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of vs may ſerue ſo great a day.
Com let vs take a muſter ſpeedily,
Domes day is neere, die al, die merily.
Doug. Talke not of dying, I am out of feare
Of death or deaths hand, for this one halfe yeare. *Exeunt.*

Enter Falſtaffe and Bardoll.

Fal. Bardoll, get thee before to Couentry, fill me a bottle of ſacke, our ſouldiers ſhal march through. Weele to Sutton cop-hill to night.
Bar. Will you giue me money, Captaine?
Fal. Lay out, lay out.
Bar. This bottle makes an angell.
Fal. And if it do, take it for thy labour, and if it make twenty, take them all, Ile anſwere the Coynage, bid my Lieutenant Peto meete me at Townes end.
Bar. I will, Captaine, farewell. *Exit.*
Fal. If I be aſhamed of my ſouldiers, I am a ſowſt gurnet, I haue miſuſed the Kings preſte damnably. I haue got in exchange of 150 ſouldiers, 300 and odde poundes. I preſſe mee none, but good houſholders, Yeomens ſonnes, inquire me out contracted batchellers, ſuch as had beene aſkt twice on the banes, ſuch a commodity of warme ſlaues, as had as lieue heare the Diuell as a Drumme, ſuch as feare the report of a Caliuer, worſe thē a ſtrook foole, or a hurt wild-ducke: I, preſt me none but ſuch toſts and butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger then pins heads, and they haue bought out their ſeruices, and now

now my whole charge conſiſts of Ancients, Corporals, Lieutenants, gentlemē of companies, ſlaues as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the gluttons dogs licked his ſores: and ſuch as indeed were neuer ſouldiers, but diſcarded vniuſt ſeruingmē, yonger ſons to yonger brothers, reuolted rapſters & Oſtlers tradefalne, the cankers of a calme world, and a long peace, ten times more diſhonorable ragged, then an olde fazde ancient, and ſuch haue I to fill vp the roomes of them as haue bought out their ſeruices, that you would thinke, that I had a hundred and fifty tottered prodigals, lately come from ſwine-keeping, from eating draffe & huſks. A madd fellow met mee on the way, and told me I had vnloaded al the gibbets & preſt the dead bodies. No eie hath ſeene ſuch skar-crowes. Ile not march through Couentry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villaines march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyues on, for indeed, I had the moſt of them out of priſon, there's not a ſhirt and a halfe in al my company, and the halfe ſhirt is two napkins tack't together, and throwne ouer the ſhoulders like a Heralds coate without ſleeues, and the ſhirt, to ſay the truth, ſtolne from my hoſt at *S.* Albones, or the red noſe Inkeeper of Dauintry, but that's al one, their'le find linnen enough on euery hedge.

Enter the Prince, and the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Prin. How now, blowne Iack? how now, quilt?
Fal. What, *Hal*? how now, mad wag? what a diuell doſt thou in Warwickſhire? My good L. of Weſtmerland, I cry you mercie, I thought your honor had already bin at Shrewsbury.
Weſt. Faith, ſir Iohn, t'is more than time that I were there, & you too, but my powers are there al ready: the king I can tell you, lookes for vs all, we muſt away al night.
Fal. Tut, neuer feare me, I am as vigilant as a Cat, to ſteale Creame.
Prin. I think to ſteale Creame indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter: but tell me, Iack, whoſe fellowes are theſe that come after.
Fal. Mine, Hal, mine.
Prin. I did neuer ſee ſuch pitiful raſcals.
Fal. Tut, tut, good enough to toſſe, foode for powder, food,

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for powder, thel'e fill a pit as well as better: tuſh man, mortall men, mortall men,

Weſt. I, but, ſir Iohn, methinkes they are exceeding poore and bare, too beggarly.

Fal. Faith, for their pouerty, I know not where they had that and for their bareneſſe, I am ſure they neuer learnt that of me

Prin. No, Ile beſworne, vnleſſe you cal three fingers on the ribs bare: but ſirra make haſt, Percy is already in the field. *Exit.*

Fal. What, is the king in camp?

Weſt. He is, ſir Iohn, I feare we ſhal ſtay too long.

Fal. Well, to the later end of a fray, and the begining of a feaſt, fits a dull fighter, and a keene gueſt. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur, Worceſter, Douglas, and Vernon.

Hot. Weele fight with him to night.

Wor. It may not be.

Doug. You giue him then aduantage.

Ver. Not a whit.

Hot. Why ſay you ſo? looks he not for ſupply?

Ver. So do we.

Hot. His is certaine, ours is doubtfull.

Wor. Good coſin be aduiſde, ſtir not to night.

Ver. Do not, my Lord.

Doug. You do not counſell well:
You ſpeake it out of feare, and cold heart.

Ver. Do me no ſlander, Douglas, by my life,
And I dare well maintaine it with my life;
If well reſpected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counſel with weake feare,
As you, my Lord, or any Scot that this day liues:
Let be ſeene to morrow in the battell, which of vs feares.

Doug. Yea or to night. *Ver.* Content.

Hot. To night ſay I.

Ver. Come, come, it may not be.
I wonder much being men of ſuch great leading as you are,
That you foreſee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certaine horſe
Of my coſin Vernons are not yet come vp,

Your

Your Vncle Worceſters horſes came but to day,
And now their pride and mettall is a ſleepe,
Their courage with hard labour tame and dull,
That not a horſe is halfe the halfe of himſelfe.

Hot. So are the horſes of the enemie,
In generall iorney bated and brought low.
The better part of ours are full of reſt.

Wor. The number of the King exceedeth ours:
For Gods ſake, Coſin, ſtay till al come in.

The trumpet ſounds a parley. Enter ſir Walter Blunt.

Blunt I come with gratious offers from the King,
If you vouchſafe me hearing, and reſpect.

Hot. Welcom, ſir Walter Blunt: and would to God
You were of our determination;
Some of vs loue you well, and euen thoſe ſome
Enuy your great deſeruings and good name,
Becauſe you are not of our qualitie,
But ſtand againſt vs like an enemie.

Blunt. And God defend, but ſtil I ſhould ſtand ſo,
So long as out of limit and true rule
You ſtand againſt anointed Maieſtie,
But to my charge. The king hath ſent to know
The nature of your greiues, and whereupon
You coniure from the breaſt of ciuill peace,
Such bold hoſtilitie, teaching his dutious land
Audacious cruelty. If that, the King
Haue any way your good deſerts forgot,
Which he confeſſeth to be manifold,
He bids you name your griefes, and with all ſpeede,
You ſhall haue your deſires, with intereſt
And pardon abſolute for your ſelfe, and theſe
Herein miſled by your ſuggeſtion.

Hot. The King is kind: and well we know, the king
Knowes at what time to promiſe, when to pay:
My father, my vncle, and my ſelfe,
Did giue him that ſame royaltie he weares,
And when he was not ſixe and twenty ſtrong,
Sick in the worldes regard, wretched, and low,

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A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace.
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee.
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attended him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lie to heauy on the common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of al that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me of the heads
Of al the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh warre.

Blunt Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe ſuffered his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeede his King) to be ingag'd in Wales,
There without ranſome to lie forfeited,
Diſgrac't me in my happy victories,
Sought to intrap me by intelligence,
Rated mine vncle from the counſel boord,
In rage diſmiſde my father from the Court,
Broke o the on o the, committed wrong on wrong,
And in concluſion, droue vs to ſeeke out
This head of ſafety, and withal to prie
Into his title, the which we find
Too indirect for long continuance.

Blunt. Shal I returne this anſwere to the King?

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter. VVeele withdraw a while.
Go to the King, and let there be impawnd
Some ſurety for a ſafe returne againe,
And in the morning early ſhal my vncle
Bring him our porpoſe and ſo farewell.

Blunt. I would you would accept of grace and loue,

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſhal,

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke, and ſir Mighell.

Arch. Hie, good ſir Mighel, beare this ſealed briefe
VVith winged haſt to the Lord Marſhal,
This to my coſin Scroope, and al the reſt
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haſt.

Sir M. My good Lord, I geſſe their tenor.

Arch. Like enough you do,
To morrow, good ſir Mighel, is a day,
VVherein, the fortune of ten thouſand men
Muſt bide the touch. For ſir, at Shrewsbury,
As I am truely giuen to vnderſtand,
The King with mighty and quick raiſed power,
Meetes with Lord Harry, and I feare, ſir Mighel,
VVhat with the ſickneſſe of Northumberland.
VVhoſe power was in the firſt proportion,
And what Owen Glendowers abſence thence,
VVho with them was rated ſtrew too,

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And

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And comes not in, ouer-rulde by prophecies,
I feare the power of Percy is to weake,
To wage an inſtant triall with the King.
Sir M. Why, my good Lord, you neede not feare,
There is Douglas and Lord Mortimer.
Arch. No, Mortimer is not there.
Sir M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy
And there is my Lord of Worceſter, and a head
Of gallant warriours, noble gentlemen.
Arch. And ſo there is, but yet the king hath drawne
The ſpeciall head of al the land together.
The Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
The noble Weſtmerland, and warlike Blunt,
And many mo coriuales and deare men
Of eſtimation, and command in armes.
Sir M. Doubt not my L. he ſhall be well oppos'd
Arch. I hope no leſſe, yet, needfull t'is to feare,
And to preuent the worſt, ſir Mighell, ſpeede:
For if Lord Percy thriue not ere the King
Diſmiſſe his power, he meanes to viſit vs,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And, tis but wiſedome to make ſtrong againſt him:
Therfore make haſt I muſt go write againe
To other friendes & ſo farewell, ſir Mighell. *Exeunt.*
Enter the King, Prince of wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter,
Earle of Weſtmerland, Sir Walter Blunt and Falſtaffe.
King. How bloudily the ſunne begins to peare,
Aboue yon busky hill, the day looks pale
At his diſtemperature.
Prince The Southerne wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purpoſes,
And by hollow whiſtling in the leaues,
Foretels a tempeſt and a bluſtring day.
King. Then, with the loſers let it ſimpathize,
For nothing can ſeeme foule to thoſe that winne.
The trumpet ſounds. Enter Worceſter.
King. How now, my Lord of Worceſter? tis not well.
That you and I ſhould meete vpon ſuch tearmes,

As now we meete. You haue deceiude our truſt,
And made vs doffe our eaſie robes of peace,
To cruſh our old limbs in vngentle ſteele:
This is not well, my Lord, this is not well.
What ſay you to it? will you againe vnknit
This churliſh knot of all abhorred war?
And moue in that obedient orbe againe,
Where you did giue a faire and naturall light,
And be no more an exhal'd meteor,
A prodigie of feare, and a portent
Of broched miſchiefe to the vnborne times?
Wor. Heare me, my Liege:
For mine owne part, I could be well content
To entertaine the lag end of my life
With quiet houres. For I proteſt,
I haue not ſought the day of this diſlike.
King. You haue not ſought it: how comes it then?
Fal. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.
Prin Peace, chewet peace.
Wor. It pleaſde your Maieſty to turne your lookes
Of fauour, from my ſelfe, and all our houſe,
And yet I muſt remember you my Lord:
We were the firſt and deareſt of your friends,
For you my ſtaffe of office did I breake,
In Richards time, & poſted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiſſe your hand,
When yet you were in place, and in account
Nothing ſo ſtrong and fortunate as I.
It was my ſelfe, my brother and his ſonne
That brought you home, and boldly did outdate
The dangers of the time. You ſwore to vs,
And you did ſweare that oth at Dancaſter
That you did nothing purpoſe gainſt the ſtate
Nor claime no further, then your new falne right,
The ſeat of Gaunt, Dukedome of Lancaſter,
To this, we ſwore our aide: but in ſhort ſpace
It raind down fortune ſhowring on your head,
And ſuch a floud of greatnes fell on you,

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VVhat with our helpe, what with the abſent King,
VVhat with the iniuries of a wanton time,
The ſeeming ſufferances that you had borne
And the contrarious winds that held the King,
So long in his vnluckie Iriſh warres,
That all in England did repute him dead,
And from this ſwarme of faire aduantages,
You tooke occaſion to be quickly wooed,
To gripe the generall ſway into your hand,
Forgot your oath to vs at Dancaſter,
And being fed by vs, you vs'de vs ſo,
As that vngentle gull the Cuckowes bird
Vſeth the ſparrow, did oppreſſe our neſt,
Grew by our feeding to ſo great a bulke,
That euen our loue durſt not come neere your ſight,
For feare of ſwallowing: but with nimble wing
We were enforſt for ſafety ſake, to flie
Out of your ſight, and raiſe this preſent head,
VVhereby we ſtand oppoſed by ſuch meanes
As you your ſelfe haue forg'd againſt your ſelfe,
By vnkind vſage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworne to vs in your yonger enterpriſe.

King. Theſe things indeed you haue articulate
Proclaimed at Market croſſes, read in Churches
To face the garment of rebellion,
With ſome fine colour that may pleaſe the eye
Of fickle changelinges and poore diſcontents
VVhich gape and rub the elbow at the newes,
Of hurly burly innouation,
And neuer yet did inſurrection want
Such water colours, to impaint his cauſe,
Nor moody beggars, ſtaruing for a time,
Of pell mell hauocke and confuſion.

Prin. In both your armies, there is many a ſoule
Shall pay full dearely for this encounter,
If once they ioyne in triall, tell your Nephew
The Prince of VVales doth ioyne with all the world

In prayſe of Henry Percy: by my hopes
This preſent enterpriſe ſet of his head,
I do not thinke a brauer Gentleman,
More actiue, more valiant, or more valiant yong
More daring, or more bold, is now aliue,
To grace this latter age with noble deedes,
For my part, I may ſpeake it to my ſhame,
I haue a trewant beene to chiualrie,
And ſo I heare he doth account me too;
Yet this before my Fathers Maieſty,
I am content that he ſhall take the ods
Of his great name and eſtimation,
And will, to ſaue the bloud on eyther ſide
Trie fortune with him in ſingle fight.

King. And Prince of Wales ſo dare we venture thee,
Albeit, conſiderations infinite
Do make againſt it: No good Worceſter, no,
We loue our people well, euen thoſe we loue
That are miſled vpon your coſins part,
And will they take the offer of our Grace,
Both he and they, and you, yea euery man
Shall be my friend againe, and Ile be his.
So tell your coſin, and bring me word,
What he will do. But if he will not yeeld,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on vs,
And they ſhall do their office. So be gone,
We will not now be troubled with reply,
VVe offer faire, take it aduiſedly. *Exit Worceſter.*

Prin. It will not be accepted on my life,
The Dowglas and the Hotſpur both together,
Are confident againſt the world in armes.

King, Hence therefore euery leader to his charge,
For on their anſwere will we ſet on them,
And God befriend vs as our cauſe is iuſt. *Exeunt: Manent*
Prin.Fal.

Fal. Hal, if thou ſee me downe in the battell
And beſtride me, ſo. tis a point of friendſhip.

Prin. Nothing but a Coloſſus can doe thee that friendſhip.
Say thy prayers, and farewell,

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Falſ. I would it were bed time *Hal*, and all well.

Prin. Why? thou oweſt God a death.

Falſt. 'Tis not due yet, I would be loath to pay him before his day: what need I be ſo forward with him that cals not on me? Well, tis no matter, honor pricks me on: yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then can honor ſet to a leg? no, or an arme? no, or take away the griefe of a wound? no, honor hath no skil in Surgery then? no: What is honor, a word what is that word honor? what is that honor? aire: a trim reckoning. Who hath it? he that died a Wedneſday? doth he feele it? no: doth he heare it? no: tis inſenſible then? yea, to the dead: but will it not liue with the liuing? no: why? detraction will not ſuffer it, therefore Ile none of it, honour is a meere skutchion, and ſo ends my Catechiſme. *Exit.*

Enter VVorceſter, and ſir Richard Vernon.

Wor. O no, my Nephew muſt not know, ſir Richard
The liberall kind offer of the king.

Ver. Twere beſt he did.

VVor. Then are wee all vnder one.
It is not poſſible: it cannot be,
The King would keepe his word in louing vs,
He will ſuſpect vs ſtill, and find a time,
To puniſh this offence in other faults,
Suppoſition, all our liues, ſhall be ſtucke full of eyes,
For treaſon is but truſted like the Foxe,
VVho neuer ſo tame, ſo cheriſht and lockt vp,
VVill haue a wilde tricke of his anceſters:
Looke how he can, or ſad or merily;
Interpretation will miſquote our lookes,
And we ſhall feed like Oxen at a ſtall,
The better cheriſht, ſtill the nearer death.
My Nephewes treſpas may be well forgot,
It hath the excuſe of youth, and heat of bloud,
And an adopted name of priuiledge,
A hair-braind Hotſpur gouerned by a ſpleene,
All his offences liue vpon my head
And on his fathers. VVe did traine him on
And his corruption beene tane from vs,

We as the ſpring of all, ſhall pay for all:
Therefore good cooſin, let not Harry know,
In any caſe the offer of the King. *Enter Hotſpurre.*
Ve Deliuer what you will Ile ſay tis ſo. Here coms your cooſin.

Hot. My vncle is returnd.
Deliuer vp my Lord of Weſtmerland,
Vncle what news.

Wor. The King will bid you battell preſently,

Doug. Defie him by the Lord of Weſtmerland.

Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him ſo.

Doug. Marry and ſhall, and very willingly. *Exit Doug.*

Wor. There is no ſeeming mercy in the King.

Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid.

Wor. I told him gently of our grieuances,
Of his oath-breaking, which he mended thus,
By now forſwearing that he is forſworne,
Hee cals vs rebels, traitors, and will ſcorge
With hawty armes, this hatefull name in vs. *Enter Doug*

Doug. Arme gentlemen, to armes for I haue throwne
A braue defiance in King Henries teeth,
And Weſtmerland that was ingag'd did beare it,
Which cannot chuſe but bring him quickly on.

Wor. The Prince of wales ſtept forth before the King,
And, nephew, challeng'd you to ſingle fight.

Hot. O, would the quarrell lay vpon our heads,
And that no man might draw ſhort breath to day,
But I and Harry Monmouth: tell me, tell me,
How ſhewd his talking? ſeemd it in contempt?

Ver. No, by my ſoule, I neuer in my life
Did heare a challeng vrg'd more modeſtly,
Vnleſſe a brother ſhould a brother dare
To gentle exerciſe and proofe of armes.
He gaue you all the duties of a man,
Trimd vp your praiſes with a Princely tongu,
Spoke your deſeruings like a Cronycle,
Making you euer better then his praiſe,
By ſtil diſpraying praiſe, valued with you:
And which became him like a Prince indeede,

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He made a blushing citall of himselfe.
And chid his trewant youth with such a grace.
As if he mastred there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly:
There did he pause;but let me tell the world,
If he out liue the enuy of this day
England did neuer owe so sweete a hope,
So much misconstrued in his wantonnesse.
Hot. Cosin I thinke thou art enamored
On his follies:neuer did I heare
Of any Prince so wild a libertie:
But be he as he will, yet once ere night,
I will imbrace him with a souldiers arme,
That he shall shrinke vnder my curtesie.
Arme,arme with speede,& fellows,souldiers,friends,
Better consider what you haue to doe,
That I that haue not wel the gift of tongue
Can lift your bloud vp with perswasion *Enter a Messenger.*
Mess. My Lord, here are letters for you.
Hot. I cannot read them now.
O,Gentlemen, the time of life is short:
To spend that shortnesse basely,were too long.
If life did ride vpon a dialles point,
Still ending at the arriuall of an houre,
And if we liue, we liue to tread on kinges,
If die,braue death, when Princes die with vs.
Now for our consciences,the armes are faire,
When the intent of bearing them is iust. *Enter another.*
Mess. My Lord prepare, the King comes on apace,
Hot. I thenke him,that he cuts me from my tale:
For I professe not talking,onely this,
Let each man doe his best:and here draw I a sword,
Whose temper I intend to staine
With the best blood that I can meet withall,
In the aduenture of this perilous day.
Now esperance Percy,and set on,
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that musicke let vs all embrace,

For

For heauen to earth,some of vs neuer shall,
A second time do such a curtesie.
Here they embrace,the trumpets sound,the King enters with his power,alarme to the battell,then enter Douglas,and Sir Walter Blunt.
Blunt. What is thy name,that in battel thus thou crossest me
What honour dost thou seeke vpon my head?
Doug. Know then,my name is Douglas,
And I do haunt thee in the battell thus,
Because some tell me that thou art a king.
Blunt. They tell thee true.
Doug. The Lord of Stafford deare to day hath bought
Thy likenes,for in stead of thee,King Harry
This sword hath ended him,so shall it thee,
Vnlesse thou yeeld thee as my prisoner.
Blunt. I was not borne a yeelder, thou proud Scot
And thou shalt find a king that will reuenge
Lord Staffords death.
They fight,Dowglas kils Blunt,then enters Hotspur.
Hot. O Dowglas,hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus
I neuer had triumpht ouer a Scot.
Doug. Als done,als woon,here breathles lies the King,
Hot. Where? *Doug.* Here,
Hot. This,Douglas? no,I know this face full well,
A gallant knight he was,his name was Blunt,
Semblably furnisht like the king himselfe.
Doug. Ah foole,goe with thy soule whither it goes
A borrowed title hast thou bought to deare,
Why didst thou tell me,that thou wert a King?
Hot. The king hath many marching in his coates.
Doug. Now by my sword,I will kill all his coates,
Ile murther all his wardrope,piece by piece,
Vntill I meete the king. *Hot.* Vp,and away,
Our souldiers stand full fairely for the day.
Alarme,Enter Falstaff solus.
Fal. Though I could scape shot free at London, I feare the shot here,her's no scoring but vpo the pate.Soft,who are you? sir Walter Blunt,ther's honor for you,her's no vanity, I am as

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hot as molten lead, and as heauy too: God keepe lead out of me, I need no more weight then mine owne bowels. I haue led my rag of Muffins where they are peperd: theres not three of my 150. left aliue, and they are for the townes end, to beg during life: but who comes here? *Enter the Prince.*

Prin. What ſtandſt thou idle here? lend me thy ſword
Many a noble man lies ſtarke and ſtiffe,
Vnder the houes of vaunting enemies,
Whoſe deaths are yet vnreuengd, I prethee lend me thy ſword

Fal. O Hal, I prethee giue me leaue to breath a while: Turk Gregory neuer did ſuch deeds in armes, as I haue done this day I haue paid Percy, I haue made him ſure.

Prin. He is indeed, and liuing to kill thee,
I prethee lend me thy ſword.

Fal. Nay, before God Hall, if Percy be aliue, thou getſt not my ſword, but take my Piſtoll if thou wilt.

Prin. Giue it me, what? is it in the caſe?

Fal. I Hal, tis hot, tis hot, theres that will ſacke a City.

The Prince drawes it out, and finds it to be a bottle of ſacke.

Prin. What? is it a time to ieſt and dally now?

He throwes the bottle at him. *Exit.*

Fal. Well, If Percy be aliue, Ile pierce him, if he do come in my way: ſo, if he do not, if I come in his willingly, let him make a Carbonado of me. I like not ſuch grinning honor as ſir Walter hath: giue me life, which, if I can ſaue, ſo: if not, honour comes vnlookt for, and theres an end.

Alarme, excurſions, Enter the King, the Prince, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, and Earle of Weſtmerland.

King. I prethee Harry, withdraw thy ſelfe, thou bleedeſt too much, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, go you with him.

P. Ioh. Not I, my Lord, vnleſſe I did bleed too.

Prin. I beſeech your Maieſty make vp
Leſt your retirement do amaze your friends. (tent

King. I will do ſo, my L. of Weſtmerland leade him to his

Weſt. Come, my Lord, Ile leade you to your tent,

Prin. Lead me my Lord? I do not need your helpe,
And God forbid a ſhallow ſcratch ſhould driue,

The

The Prince of Wales from ſuch a field as this,
Where ſtaunch Nobility lies troden on,
And rebels armes triumph in maſſacres.

Iohn. We breath too long, come coſen Weſtmerland,
Our duty this way lies, For Gods ſake come.

Prin. By God, thou haſt deceiu'de me Lancaſter,
I did not thinke thee Lord of ſuch a ſpirit,
Before I loude thee as a brother, Iohn,
But now I do reſpect thee as my ſoule.

King. I ſaw him hold Lord Percy at the point,
With luſtier maintenance then I did looke for
Of ſuch an vngrowne warrior.

Prin. O, this boy lends mettall to vs all. *Exit.*

Doug. Another king, they grow like Hydras heads,
I am the Douglas fatall to all thoſe
That weare thoſe colours on them. VVhat art thou
That counterfeitſt the perſon of a king?

King. The king himſelf, who Douglas grieues at heart,
So many of his ſhadowes thou haſt met,
And not the very king: I haue two boyes
Seeke Percy and thy ſelfe about the field,
But ſeeing thou falſt on me ſo luckily
I will aſſay thee, and defend thy ſelfe.

Doug. I feare thou art another counterfeit,
And yet in faith thou beareſt thee like a King,
But mine I am ſure thou art, who ere thou be:
And thus I winne thee.

They fight, the King being in danger, Enter prince of Wales.

Prin. Hold vp thy head vile Scot or thou art like
Neuer to hold it vp againe, the ſpirites
Of valiant Sherly, Stafford, Blunt are in my armes
It is the Prince of VVales, that threatens thee,
VVho neuer promiſeth, but he meanes to pay.

They fight, Douglas flieth.

Cheerely my Lord, how fares your grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawſey hath for ſuccor ſent,
And ſo hath Clifton, ile to Clifton ſtraight,

King. Stay, and breath a while,

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Thou hast redeemed thy lost opinion,
And shewde thou makest some tender of my life
In this faire rescue thou hast brought to me.
Prin. O God they did me too much injurie,
That euer said, I harkened to your death:
If it were so, I might haue let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas ouer you,
Which would haue beene as speedy in your end,
As all the poysonous potions in the world
And saude the trecherous labour of your sonne.
Kin. Make vp to Clifton, ile to S. Nicholas Gawsey. *Exit K.*

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
Prin. Thou speakst, as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
Prin. Why then I see a very valiant rebell of that name,
I am the Prince of Wales, and thinke not Percy
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keepe not their motion in one sphere,
Nor can one England brooke a double raigne
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
Hot. Now shall it Harry, for the howre is come,
To end the one of vs, and would to God
Thy name in Armes, were now as great as mine.
Prin. Ile make it greater, ere I part from thee
And all the budding honours on thy crest,
Ile crop to make a garland for my head.
Hot. I can no longer brooke thy vanities.

They fight. Enter Falstaffe.

Fal. Well said Hal, to it Hal. Nay, you shall find no boyes play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas, he fighteth with Falstaffe, he fals downe, as if he were dead, the prince killeth Percy.

Hot. Oh Harry, thou hast robd me of my youth
I better brooke the losse of brittle life,
Then those proud titles thou hast won of me,

They

They wound my thoughts, worse then thy sword my flesh
But thought's the slaue of life, and life times foole,
And time that takes survay of all the world,
Must haue a stop. O, I could prophesie
But that the earth, and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue: no Percy, thou art dust
And food for
Prin. For wormes, braue Percy. Fare thee well, great heart,
Ill weau'd ambition, how much art thou shrunke?
When that this body did containe a spirit,
A kingdome for it was too small a bound,
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is roome enough: this earth that beares the dead,
Beares not aliue so stout a Gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of curtesie
I should not make so great a shew of zeale:
But let my fauours hide thy mangled face,
And euen in thy behalfe, ile thanke my selfe,
For doing these faire rites of tendernes,
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heauen,
Thy ignomy sleepe with thee in the graue,
But not remembred in thy Epitaph.

He spieth Falstaffe on the ground.

What, old acquaintance, could not all this flesh
Keepe in a little life? poore Iacke farewell,
I could haue better spard a better man,
O, I should haue a heauy misse of thee
If I were much in loue with vanity,
Death hath not strooke so faire a Deere to day
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray
Imbowelde will I see thee by and by
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.

Falstaffe riseth vp.

Fal. Imboweld? if thou imbowel me to day, ile giue you leaue to powder me, and eate me too to morrow, Zblood, t'was time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit, for he is but the counterfeit of a man, who hath not

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the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, whē a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is diſcretion, in the which beter part I haue ſaued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead, how if hee ſhould counterfeit too and riſe? by my faith, I am afraid hee would proue the better counterfeit: therfore ile make him ſure, yea, & ile ſweare I kilde him. VVhy may not he riſe aſwel as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body ſees me: therefore ſirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotſpur on his backe. Enter Prince and Iohn of Lancaſter.

Prin. Come brother Iohn, ful brauely haſt thou fleſht
Thy maiden ſword.

Iohn. But ſoft, whome haue we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I ſaw him dead,
Breathles and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?
Or is it fantaſie that playes vpon our eye-ſight?
I prethee ſpeake, we will not truſt our eyes
VVithout our eares, thou art not what thou ſeemſt.

Fal. No, thats certaine, I am not a double man: but if I bee not Iacke Falſtalffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your Father will doe me any honour, ſo: if not, let him kill the next Percy himſelfe: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can aſſure you.

Prin. VVhy Percy I kilde my ſelfe, and ſaw thee deade.

Fal. Didſt thou? Lord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was down, and out of breath, and ſo was he, but wee roſe both at an inſtant, and fought a long howre by Shrew ſourie clocke, if I may bee beleeued, ſo: if not, let them that ſhould reward valour, beare the ſinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh, if the man were aliue, and would deny it, Zounds I wold make him eate a peece of my ſword.

Iohn. This is the ſtrangeſt tale that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the ſtrangeſt fellow, brother Iohn,
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For

For my part, if a lie may doe thee grace,
Ile guilde it with the happieſt termes I haue.

A retreat is ſounded.

Prin. The trumpets ſound retreat, the day is ours,
Come brother lets to the higheſt of the field
To ſee what friends are liuing, who are dead. *Exeunt.*

Fal. Ile follow as they ſay for reward. He that rewardes mee, God reward him. If I do grow great, Ile grow leſſe, for ile purge and leaue Sacke, and liue cleanly, as a nobleman ſhould doe. *Exit.*

The trumpets ſound, Enter the King, Prince of Wales, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Earle of Weſtmerland, with Worceſter and Vernon priſoners.

King. Thus euer did rebellion find rebuke,
Ill ſpirited Worceſter, did not we ſend grace,
Pardon and terms of loue to all of you?
And would ſt thou turne our offers contrary,
Miſuſe the tenor of thy kinſmans truſt?
Three knights vpon our party ſlaine to day,
A noble Earle, and many a creature elſe,
Had beene aliue this houre,
If like a Chriſtian thou hadſt truly borne
Betwixt our Armies true intelligence.

Wor. What I haue done, my ſafety vrgde me to
And I imbrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be auoided, it fals on me.

K. Beare Worceſter to the death, and Vernon too:
Other Offenders we will pauſe vpon,
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas when he ſaw
The fortune of the day quite turnd from him,
The noble Percy ſlaine, and all his men,
Vpon the foot of feare, fled with the reſt,
And falling from a hill, he was ſo bruizd,
That the purſuers tooke him. At my tent,
The Douglas is, and I beſeech your grace,
I may diſpoſe of him.

King

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King. With all my heart.

Prin. Then brother Iohn of Lancaster
To you this honourable bounty shall belong
Go to the Douglas and deliuer him,
Vp to his pleasure, ransomles and free,
His valour showne vpon our crests to day,
Hath taught vs how to cherish such high deedes,
Euen in the bosome of our aduersaries.

Iohn. I thanke your grace for this high curtesie,
Which I shall giue away immediately.

King. Then this remaines, that we deuide our power
You sonne Iohn, and my cosen Westmerland
Towards Yorke shal bend you with your deerest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the Prelate Scroope,
Who, as we heare, are busily in armes,
My selfe and you, sonne Harry, will towards VVales,
To fight with Glendower, and the Earle of March,
Rebellion in this land shall loose his sway,
Meeting the checke of such another day.
And since this business so faire is done,
Let vs not leaue till all our own be won.

Exeunt.

FINIS.

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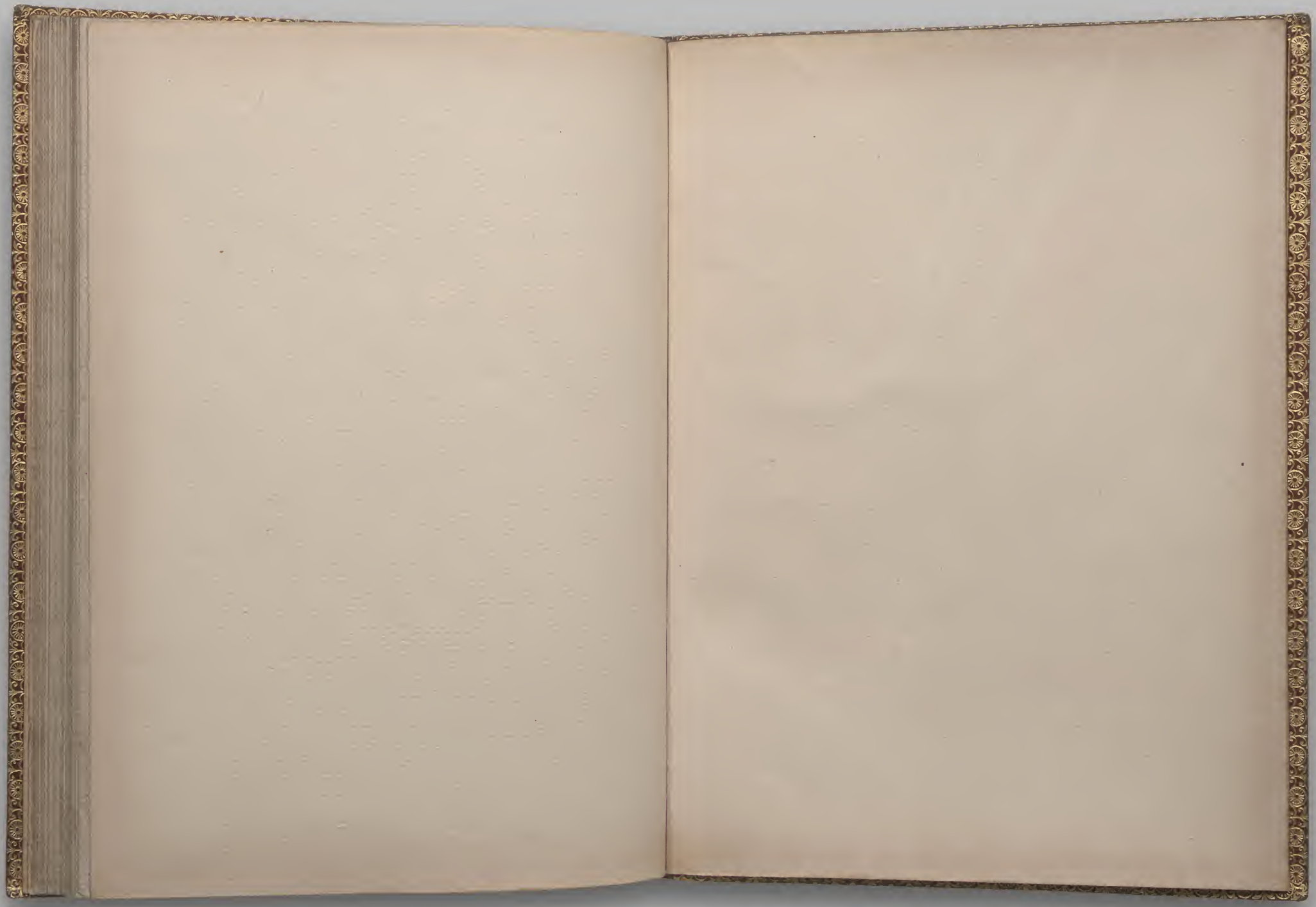

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